THE GOLDEN SPARROW

IRENE MASON HARPER

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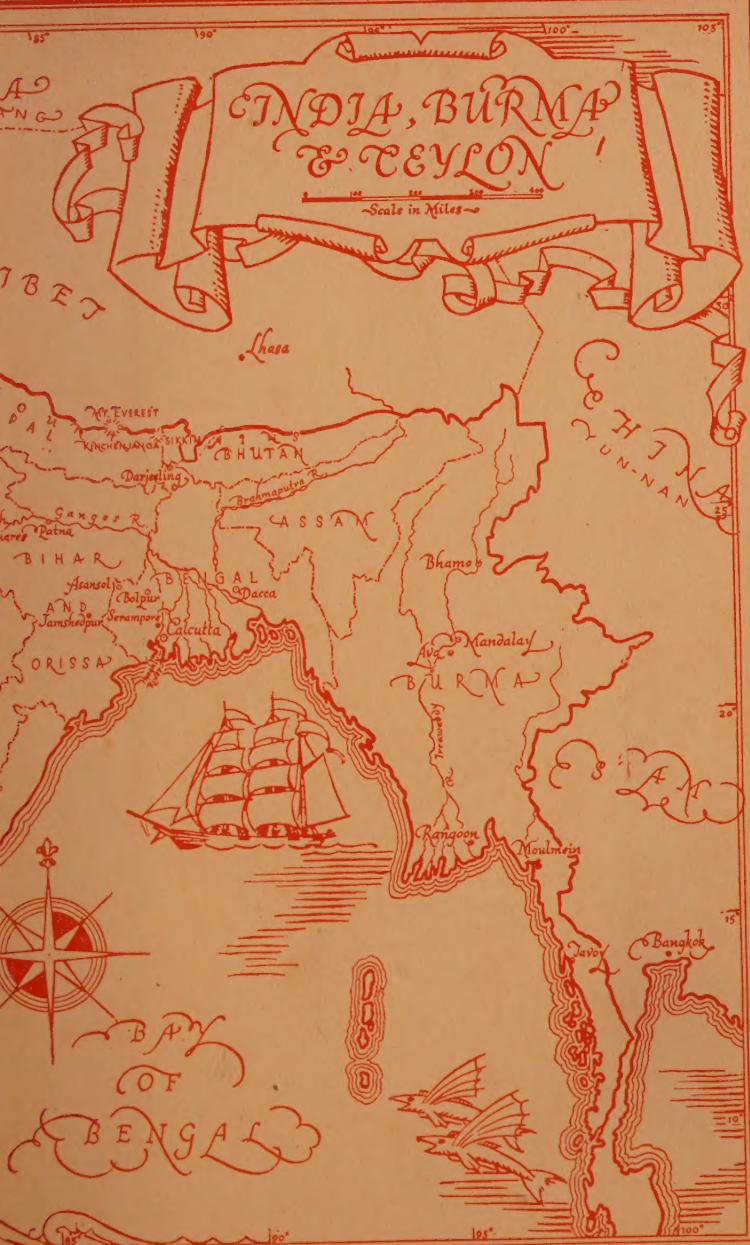
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CHINA
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THE GOLDEN SPARROW

The GOLDEN SPARROW

A COURSE ON
INDIA
FOR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By

IRENE MASON HARPER

"Tell them to love the other people of the world as much as they love America." — GANDHI

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IRENE MASON HARPER received her A.M. degree from Columbia University, and was at one time a secretary of the Missionary Education Movement. She has been a missionary in India for fifteen years, and during that time the services of herself and her husband, the Rev. Arthur Edwin Harper, have been given almost entirely to the depressed classes in the villages. After working for some time to establish village schools, Mr. Harper was appointed to take charge of the Moga Training School for Village Teachers, which is famous as an example of the modern approach to rural education. For his services to that cause he was last year decorated by the government of India with the Kaisar-i-Hind silver medal. Mrs. Harper has been associated with her husband in carrying on this rural educational work, and with him edits a monthly, the *Village Teachers' Journal.*

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PREFACE

The Indian word which has been translated "Golden Sparrow" for the title of this book may be quite as accurately translated "Golden Bird," or "Bird of Gold." A common idiom of speech in India is, "He has found a golden sparrow (or bird)," equivalent to our saying, "He has found a gold mine," or, "It proved to be a gold mine." In early times when Mahmud Ghaznawi, the first invader of India from the north, began to plunder the land, exultant over his find he is said to have called it a "golden sparrow." In this day we also may be explorers, but we do not wish to be invaders who come to plunder. Instead we may find in India, if we search, a golden treasure in the friendship of its boys and girls.

This course has been prepared on the field, in the midst of the life and the work and the hopes which it tries to picture. Many boy and girl friends of India have helped me plan and write it. The two American boys of junior age in my home determined the selection of much of the material that has been woven into the stories, by their demand for "lots of adventure," and "things that will make other boys and girls like India as much as we do."

Several groups of juniors in American churches helped in the preliminary planning of this course by answering a questionnaire and taking a true-false test, the results of which were sent to me by their teachers. These boys and girls will see that I have made use of many of their suggestions, and I thank them cordially for their help.

Older friends, both Indians and Westerners working in India, have generously contributed from their published

writings and reports, and have shared in the work of correcting and revising. I thank them all and wish I could name each one. Special thanks are due to Mrs. Wiser for permission to use her account of an interview with Gandhi, from which his message to the boys and girls of America as quoted on the title page is taken, and to Miss Hladia Porter and Miss M. E. Badley for permission to use their poems published in the *Treasure Chest*.

My husband, Arthur Edwin Harper, has assisted me in every part of the work. Especially does it represent our common purpose and desire as missionaries of Christ in India. Part of the message of the Jerusalem Meeting of the International Missionary Council expresses the conviction upon which this book is founded:

"We believe in a Christ-like world. We know nothing better; we can be content with nothing less. We do not go to the nations called non-Christian because they are the worst of the world and they alone are in need; we go because they are a part of the world and share with us in the same human need—the need of redemption from ourselves and from sin, the need to have life complete and abundant and to be remade after this pattern of Christ-likeness."

IRENE MASON HARPER

Moga, Punjab, India
1930

Part One

STORIES AND NOTES

MAKING FRIENDS IN A NEW SCHOOL

"SEE HER fly! See her fly!" shouted the excited crowd. "What a wonder! What a beauty!" cried shrill voices. Every head was bent far back. Every eye was gazing intently upward, where against the bright blue of the cloudless afternoon sky a lovely kite sailed swiftly. It was black with silver edges. Rays from the sun, low in the west, made it gleam gorgeously as it dipped and flew, wafted by the winds of heaven. The crowd jostled each other, moved and swayed this way and that, always looking up and following the black kite in its flight.

The narrow bazaar street was packed with men and boys, dressed in varied costumes of North India, but all wearing newly dyed turbans of a bright yellow color. The kite-flyers were on the flat roof of a large house, on one side of the bazaar.

"Reel her out, Prem! Quick—reel her out!" screamed a boy's voice, tense with anxiety.

"He can't hear you, brother. Anyway, I heard him say he had let her out eight hundred feet already and had only two hundred left on the reel." Another boy, linked arm in arm with the first speaker, was pushing a way for both through the edge of the group nearest the kite-flyers.

"Come, let's climb up on the roof of old Ram Sarup's shop. He won't say anything, he knows us. We can see much better from the roof of his stall."

The two boys climbed up to the narrow shed roof. In the shed below, Ram Sarup, the dyer, undisturbed by the crowd and excitement, was stirring many pieces of cloth in boiling dye-pots of green and scarlet and saffron.

The two brothers, Man Mohan and Piyare Lal, had been a little afraid that they would not enjoy the festival of Basant this year as much as usual, for they were strangers in this town. Their grandfather, Rai Bahadur Ram Das, a retired member of the legislative assembly of the province, had recently moved his family to Daulatpur. Their own father, Dr. Ved Parkash, was the youngest son in Rai Bahadur Ram Das's large family. He was only beginning to find work here as a doctor, so the boys were not yet well acquainted in the town. Yet here they were, enjoying Basant as never before, and watching the most exciting kite-flying contest they had ever seen.

"I am so glad," said Man Mohan, "that our honored father caused us to enter this Nur Mahal school. It is without doubt the best school in all the city."

"And it's a good thing we're both in the same class," added Piyare Lal, who was a year younger than his brother but liked study better. "I hope Fifth Class will win the kite-flying championship of the middle school. Prem has already brought down the Seventh and Eighth Class kites." Suddenly he threw both arms around Man Mohan's neck. "Oh, I hope Prem wins! It would be wonderful for our Fifth Class to come out first in the whole school."

"Look—only two kites are left! But they are so far from the black one. Why doesn't Prem pull his in, and draw back to meet them?"

"He is very clever," replied Man Mohan, "he will not let his kite-string get entangled till one of those is cut off. The red one is sailing on fast. That's the champion of the Sixth Class. Oh, look! Her string is entangled with the big yellow kite of the Fourth Class. Can you see? They're both sawing hard. Oh, Narain is clever! He has sawed through the line of the red one—she's cut, she's

cut! *Wah! Wah!* The Fourth Class has beaten the Sixth Class! Now Prem has only one kite left to conquer. Can he beat that Fourth Class champion?"

"Look, look, he's reeling in his line! He's pulling her back to meet the yellow kite. I hope he has a strong line and it's well coated with glass."

"But he has brought down three kites already, so his own string must be weakened by sawing through so many strings. But he's good at it, he knows just how to manage and keep his kite flying. I don't see how he does it—I can't," and Man Mohan looked sadly at his own beautiful kite, brought down early in the contest, and now flapping, torn and disconsolate, from a balcony just across the narrow street.

"Father gave us good kites. I hope I can mend mine. Then we can both practise tomorrow, if the wind keeps up," said Piyare Lal, whose torn blue and gold kite was under his arm.

"Prem made his own. He's a clever fellow. He's one of the best in the Pack of the Wolf-Cubs. He has earned his stars and three proficiency badges."

"I wish we could be Cubs."

"We can be, if Father will permit. I didn't have time to tell you, Piyare, but I spoke to the Principal Sahib today, asking permission for both of us. The Principal Sahib is kind, and now I fear no more. He said we may be enrolled if first we learn the Law and the Promise. I said, speaking respectfully, 'Sir, we know no boy who will teach us.' Then Sahib, calling Prem, gave him the order to teach us. Prem has been made leader of a Six to teach them all the customs of the Cubs. He says we can be two of that Six. We are to meet tomorrow after school."

"That will be very good. But will our honored father allow it? He will surely not permit us to make friends

with boys not of our caste, and Prem"—Piyare Lal lowered his voice—"Prem is of very low caste. I have heard he is even of the lowest—he is untouchable."

"But, brother, he is a Christian, and he is top boy of our Fifth Class. His low caste does not seem to matter in this mission school. Perhaps Father won't mind. He has some Christian friends himself."

During this conversation the boys had kept their eyes fixed on the sky, where the setting sun showed up clearly the black and silver kite, slowly bobbing back to meet the yellow one. The crowd waited, good-naturedly jostling each other. The sun dropped behind the old wall of the city. Twilight softened the brilliant colors of the *saris* of the women watching from the flat roofs. The sky grew darker. It was hard to see the bobbing specks that were the two kites.

Suddenly a shout arose. "The kites are fighting—hurrah! Pull in! Let her out, boy! Cut her! *Wah! Wah!*"

"What can you see, brother?" screamed Piyare Lal. "Is Prem sawing at his line?"

"He will win! He *must* win!"

"*Shabash!* it's down. The yellow one's down. Its string is cut. *Shabash! Shabash!*"

"Fifth Class has won! Fifth Class has won!"

Piyare Lal and Man Mohan jumped down to the street and ran to where the boys of their class were crowding around Prem, the champion.

Then they suddenly looked at the dark sky. Electric lights had begun to appear in a few of the bazaar shops and little street restaurants or stalls for selling bottled soda water. But most of the shops were lighted by oil lanterns. Above, behind the latticed windows, the little bright, steady lights of many *divas,* or small clay lamps,

began to appear. The brothers looked at each other in dismay. They remembered that they had promised their father always to come home before dark. They were far from home.

"We shall have to run. We have disobeyed Father's order."

"I fear we shall not be able to ask his permission to join the Six and learn the Wolf-Cub practice from Prem," said Man Mohan anxiously as they hurried along.

"Our respected father has been away from home for three days and so has not called us into his presence. If he should call us tonight, and we are late!"

"Could we obtain permission from Mother instead, do you think?"

"Mother would be shocked at the idea of our playing with a low-caste boy, and Grandfather would certainly be against it."

It was quite dark when the boys met, in a broader street on the outskirts of the town, one of their father's servants with a swinging lantern. He reproved them sternly.

"Your grandmother and your mother have had much anxiety. Your brother and sisters have finished the evening bread."

The watchman opened the little wooden gate in the brick wall, through which the boys slipped, calling softly to their mother, who they knew was waiting in the back room above. From the courtyard they could see the small lighted windows of the *zenana*, the women's quarters on the second story. They walked quietly past their grandfather's reception room, for they could see their father sitting there.

"He has guests," whispered Man Mohan.

The room which they passed was one which the boys were not allowed to enter except when specially invited.

Its floor was covered with rich Oriental rugs, which had traveled from the wilds of Afghanistan down through the Khyber Pass to be sold in luxurious shops on the glittering mall in Lahore. These rugs were of fine workmanship and beautiful patterns, but they did not seem as wonderful to the children as the set of upholstered furniture covered with gay cretonne from England. There were other lovely things in the room: a screen of wood carved in the most delicate designs, a small eight-sided table with top and sides inlaid with mother-of-pearl and brass, curtains of block-printed Indian designs in many gorgeous colors. On the mantelpiece were trays and vases of brass, elephants of ebony, boxes of carved ivory. Best of all was a procession of brass animals, camels, deer, peacocks, lions and tigers. The walls were covered with Hindu religious pictures and portraits of the great men of India. There was one of their grandfather with a number of English and Indian gentlemen.

As the boys passed they saw their father, in his black coat and full white trousers, very tight from the knees down to the ankles, his black cloth skull cap on his head, laughing genially and talking with two guests. One of them was a well-dressed and dignified gentleman with a neatly trimmed beard dyed red with henna, and an enormous turban made of yards and yards of starched white cloth. The boys knew at once that he was a Mohammedan. The other gentleman was probably a Christian. He was young and smooth-shaven, and dressed much as their father was dressed, except that he wore a turban of gray silk with a stripe of silver thread on the border. All three gentlemen were talking in English about political matters. The boys heard their father say, "I believe, sir, that friendship between the different religious communities is the only hope of our country. I wish myself to

have brotherly relations with all castes and communities."

"That Christian gentleman is Prem's father," whispered Man Mohan to Piyare Lal, "and I think the other is the father of Gulam Mohammed, who is also in our class. I hope Father is not displeased with us. Perhaps he will allow us to play with Prem."

"I wish we had not disobeyed," answered Piyare Lal.

They hurried past the cooking place in the courtyard. There in the clean enclosure which no one was allowed to enter but the Brahman cook, who had prepared himself by purification, the great charcoal fires were blazing. The iron griddle was heated, and from the shining brass pots came an appetizing odor of vegetable curry. The cook worked in the glow of the fire, clapping the flat bread-cakes on the griddle, stirring the different curries. A second serving-man stood outside the enclosure, ready to carry food to the women's quarters.

In the big room above, their mother was telling a story to their brother and sisters and cousins who had gathered there. The boys paused at the door. They put the palms of their hands together and touched their foreheads, and bowed respectfully. *"Namaste,"* they said to their grandmother and their mother. Their mother motioned to them to sit, so they dropped on the floor at her feet, squatting cross-legged like the others.

"And so," continued Mother, "the blessed Rama obeyed his father and went to the dreary forests to pass his fourteen years of exile. You remember how gladly he obeyed, even going into danger at his father's command."

"Ai, ai," thought Man Mohan and Piyare Lal. "Would that we also had obeyed our respected father!"

At that very moment a servant announced, "The Doctor Sahib calls his two older sons. He awaits them in the front room."

Man Mohan and Piyare Lal paused at the door of the front room and greeted their father respectfully. *"Namaste,"* they said gently, their folded hands touching their bowed foreheads. Then they bowed again to Mr. Gulam Masih and to Sheikh Nur Mohammed.

"These gentlemen," said Dr. Ved Parkash, as he allowed his sons to be seated, "have been telling me about the Nur Mahal school and the Wolf-Cubs there. They think it is a good club and useful for the boys. Do you wish to join it?"

"Yes, honored Father," replied Man Mohan, "we do wish to be members of the Six of which Prem Masih is leader."

"Good word! I give permission, my sons," said Father.

NOTES

Kites. See *The Wonderland of India,* page 37.

The Patriarchal Family. The sons of a family bring their brides to the father's home. Thus a family may have three or four generations living in the same house and sharing everything. The grandfather is the head of the house. All the sons and grandsons bring their income to him. See *The Wonderland of India,* pages 31-32.

The Educated Classes. It is a privilege to know and admire the brilliant intellects and fine characters of the Indian men and women who are the progressive leaders of their country. Many of them have a better command of English than many college graduates in America, and are well-read along modern lines. These leaders may be orthodox Hindus, like the grandfather in this story, or Mohammedans, Sikhs, Parsis or Jains. Some are reformers in religion, and of social evils. Many are graduates of mission colleges and strongly influenced by Christian principles. See *The Wonderland of India,* Chapter V. It must be made clear, however, that the group represented by the family in this story are a small minority in the population. See To the Leader, page 67.

Schools. The government establishes and maintains

schools, and also assists private schools by giving money grants. In addition to mission schools, there are many schools kept up by the different religious communities.

The Government of India. See "A Visit to Gandhi," page 126; any book listed under Leader's Background Material in the bibliography, page 149; and any history of modern times.

Boy Scout Movement. This organization is strong in India. For younger boys the name is Wolf-Cubs. Each Pack is divided into groups of six boys called a Six, and the leader is called a Sixer.

Caste. "Hindus are divided into many different classes or castes, each, as a rule, being concerned in some particular occupation which is handed down from father to son. The members of a caste bear a common name and claim descent from a common ancestor. They may not intermarry or even eat with those who belong to a different caste. It is not a question of possessions or rank. The highest caste includes beggars who live a life of hardship and poverty, while the lowest and most despised caste may number among its members men of wealth and position. Membership in a particular caste has the greatest influence over the lives of those who belong to it. It regulates almost every action and distinguishes one man from another to an extent which can hardly be realized by people who live in a country where this institution does not exist."—H. Clive Barnard, in *India in Pictures.* See also *The Wonderland of India,* pages 10-13.

Outcastes. There are in India about sixty million people belonging to the so-called depressed classes. They are of several different castes and occupations which are considered by Hindus as unspeakably degraded and defiling. In the Punjab the chief divisions of these outcastes are the Chumars, or leather-workers, and the Chuhras, who are called sweepers but who are actually the scavengers. Many of the latter are agricultural laborers. The touch of these outcastes means contamination which must be expiated by a religious ceremony. The prejudice against untouchables is not confined to Hindus, it is shared by Mohammedans, Sikhs and others. In recent times reformers have been striving to do away with these injustices to the depressed classes, and have to some

extent succeeded. The influence of Christian missions in championing the cause of these unfortunates has been powerfully felt, and, as William Paton has said, "The condemnation of the outcastes to a life of incredible degradation is seen by the best Hindus, led by Mr. Gandhi, as a foul blot upon the fair name of India."

Buildings. The houses in a town like the one described are usually built of brick, around a courtyard. They may be one or two stories high. The roofs are flat and are much used, especially by the women, for taking the air and passing from house to house.

Lights. See *The Wonderland of India,* page 31.

Servants. In some parts of India the servants would be women. In a well-to-do family like this in the Punjab there would be a woman servant as child's nurse. In the majority of Indian families the mother and aunts would do all or part of the cooking.

Costumes and Names are quite distinctive. A Mohammedan, a Sikh, a Hindu, or a Christian is easily recognizable by his dress and by his name.

Rama. A hero prince who is worshiped by Hindus as a god. See page 124.

See also "A Letter from a Class of Schoolgirls," page 114; "Why My Indian Friends Are Like Me," page 120; "Paper Boats," page 122; and "In the Bazaar," page 123.

A VISIT TO A RAJAH'S PALACE

ONE NIGHT about a month after the kite-flying, Mother, after reciting a long story from the Ramayana, spoke briskly. "Your honored father has been called to visit the Rajah of Jodana; someone in his household is ill. Your father will start early tomorrow. He has kindly said he will take Man Mohan and Piyare Lal with him."

Man Mohan and Piyare Lal hugged each other with joy. Under their mother's direction, they tied up clean clothing in a bundle for their journey. After they were in bed, their mother made a little bundle of almonds, raisins, pistachio nuts and a few choice mangoes, for a special treat. Then she spoke softly, "Waken early, my sons. The motor will be at the gate at half past five."

Long before the sun was up next day the boys had finished their morning bath and devotions, had eaten some bread and lentils, and were waiting impatiently while the servants strapped rolls of bedding on the carrier of their grandfather's seven-passenger touring car. The chauffeur, a big Sikh with long beard and hair and a khaki uniform, was at the wheel, and the boys were seated in the rear, when the doctor came through the gate in the brick wall, carrying his small black bag. He got in with the boys and gave the order to be off.

"What is the distance to Jodana?" the doctor asked the chauffeur.

"Presence, it is a hundred and fifteen miles by good motor road to Talarpur, where the rajah's elephant will meet your presence. If God wills it and we are not hindered on the road, we should reach there by nine o'clock."

"Good! Ah, my sons, this is a delightful hour of the day. One enjoys eating the air before the sun comes out. Have you joined the Cubs, and are you learning the requirements?" continued Father.

"Oh, Father, Prem is splendid! He is such a clever fellow—he has taught us everything."

"Prem—is that the son of my friend Gulam Masih?"

"Yes, Father. You remember you gave us permission to play with him, even though he is low-caste."

"His father is Christian, and highly respected in this community. I think there is no harm in your making friends with Prem. But be careful not to be influenced by his religion. Your grandfather and I wish you to remember all you have been taught of the pure religion of the sacred Vedas. Where are you reading now in your new school?"

"In the Fifth Class, sir. Our subjects are English, mathematics, Urdu reading, writing and composition, geography and the history of Hindustan," answered Piyare Lal.

"I like history best," added Man Mohan.

"You are learning, then, to respect the motherland, to love our ancient civilization and honor the memory of the great *rishis* of old. I hope, sons, that you will never be disloyal to the motherland. Our country has many enemies in these days of change. Unfriendly visitors have written unkind things of our customs, and of conditions here. We must not be angry with them, but we must keep our pride in our great country, and be willing to sacrifice ourselves in her service."

The boys did not understand all that their father was saying. But they kept perfectly quiet, with their eyes fixed respectfully upon him. They could also, without being impolite to their father, watch the skilful driving of

Buta Singh as he guided the powerful car over the hard smooth highroad. They could not expect much excitement on this government road, though they overtook and passed several motorbuses loaded to the roof with people, and a number of cars driven by their owners.

Often they were driving in a suffocating cloud of white dust. Buta Singh had to turn out many times to pass herds of buffaloes or of donkeys, strings of plodding camels, long lines of slow-moving ox-carts heavily loaded with fodder or hempen rope. The ox-carts were always creaking slowly along in the middle of the road, their drivers resting on the top of the load. The boys wanted to laugh when they saw the sleepy drivers stretch and waken suddenly at the sound of the motor horn. They would try desperately, by prodding with a long stick and by twisting their bullocks' tails, to turn them to the left, but the stubborn creatures quite as often turned suddenly to the right and ran headlong into the gutter, right across the path of the motor. It was hard for Buta Singh to drive without accident, keep to the left according to the traffic laws, and yet make a good rate of speed. Only once did he get angry, and then the doctor reproved him. "Have patience! It is better to lose a little time than to lose calmness."

The hot sun of the past weeks had been quickly ripening the grain. The great flat plain of the Punjab, through which the doctor's car was traveling, was rich with ripe harvest. As far as the boys' eyes could see, stretched fields of golden wheat.

"Are you sure the rajah will send his elephant for us?" the boys asked their father as they came near to Talarpur.

"He surely will. The road to the palace from this side is too rough for a motor, so his royal highness always sends one of his elephants when I go to attend the family."

"Look, Father! There is the elephant," both boys shouted at once.

In the distance, against a group of dark, glossy-leaved mango trees, they could see a gray massive form. The head of the great beast was gaily hung with fringe of red and gold. On his broad back, over a bright red blanket, was a *howdah,* a square platform spread with gay and luxurious rugs, with a silver rail and silver posts upholding a canopy of purple cloth, decorated with balls and bells and fringe of silver.

Between the ears of the elephant sat the *mahout* in his red uniform with silver buttons. At the *mahout's* command the great beast lurched forward on his knees, then let down his hind legs till the *howdah* was level again.

The boys could hardly wait till their father had stepped out of the car and mounted the ladder which another gorgeously dressed servant held against the elephant's side. Man Mohan scrambled up after him, but Piyare Lal begged, "Father, please allow me to lie down and let the elephant lift me up in his trunk."

"Will it be safe?" asked the doctor of the *mahout.*

"Without doubt, Presence."

So the elephant rose, tilting the *howdah* first forward and then back. Piyare Lal threw himself on the ground in front of the great beast, who, at the *mahout's* command, curled his trunk around the boy, lifted him high in the air, and placed him gently beside his father and brother on the *howdah.* They all sat cross-legged and held on to the low railing.

Now the elephant started to swing his great powerful legs. The motion was like a ship riding the waves, and the boys felt a little sick. Their strange ship followed no road. It just swayed in great strides straight over field and road and meadow. Nothing interrupted the steady,

even swing of the heavy legs. The great flat feet crashed down on small bushes, or splashed into creeks. Piyare Lal wondered what would happen if they should meet a pair of those silly bullocks that could not keep out of the way of a motor car.

"We shall soon be at Jodana. Remember your manners and be sure to treat his highness the rajah with proper respect," warned Father. "It may be that you will be permitted to play with his young son."

"How old is the young rajah, Father?" asked the boys.

"He must be about eight. Yes, I remember it was six years ago when I was first called by the rajah to cure the sickness of his only son, then about two years of age."

"Please tell us about it."

"There was nothing wrong with the baby except that he had not been fed properly. I advised them to have an English nurse; but the two *ranis,* the mother and the grandmother, were opposed to it, because they feared to break caste by having an English lady live with them. But later they came to see that caste was not as important as the child's health and education, so they engaged the nurse, and later an English governess. Now, I believe, the young rajah has an English tutor. So you will all be able to talk and play together. Without doubt the boy is already a Wolf-Cub, like you and your friends," finished Father, smiling.

Now, in the distance on a rocky hill, they saw the great irregular pile of the palace. Red brick buildings, some low, some four stories high, were spread out within a high brick and plaster wall. On the four corners fluttered many flags, the emblems of the little state of Jodana, and the British flag.

"The Rajah of Jodana," explained Father, "is very

loyal to the British government. He gave many soldiers to the cause of the Allies in the Great War, and he himself fought at the front. He was decorated with the Victoria Cross for his bravery."

Just then they noticed approaching the palace from another direction an elephant with a golden *howdah,* surrounded by a small escort of soldiers. "It must be his royal highness himself, returning from some official visit," said Father, and he ordered the *mahout* who was driving their elephant to halt till after the cavalcade had entered the palace gates.

Never had the boys seen such a gorgeous display. The soldiers, marching four abreast, were in bright purple uniforms, with green sashes and turbans. Surrounding the elephant were the rajah's servants and officials in long green coats with gold buttons. Their sashes and turbans were of gold gauze. The royal elephant wore on his forehead a net and fringe of purple silk cord. Between his ears sat the *mahout,* dressed in green and gold. The elephant's blanket was of cloth of gold, and the *howdah* was like a great golden throne, glittering in the sunshine. The boys just caught a glimpse of the white and gold uniform of the rajah, who was seated in the *howdah,* and the gold emblems on the front of his turban.

After the royal procession had disappeared within the palace gates, a messenger came running to bid the doctor and his sons to enter. So they rode in between the great lions of painted plaster. They passed the motionless figures of soldiers with muskets, and the strong iron gates clanged shut after they entered. Other soldiers were marching up and down in the paved courtyard. Splendidly dressed servants directed them where to go. The boys were trembling with excitement. It seemed to them that they climbed endless stone steps, passing dignified, gor-

geously uniformed officials who seemed to be watching their manners and walk.

Finally an officer came with the command, "His royal highness will receive the doctor sahib and his sons in the small audience chamber."

After they had made their deep bows, touching their foreheads with their folded hands, the boys stood quite straight and still, while the rajah and his friend the doctor talked together.

The boys began to wonder if they would be able to make friends with the rajah's son. It would be fine if he really was a Cub, and if he could play the games they liked. Then suddenly the rajah called one of the gorgeously dressed servants to show them the *zenana* of the palace, where the young rajah lived with his mother, the *rani*.

The boys followed the servant through the palace, up some long stone stairs, to the *rani's* quarters. They bowed low before her, and then were sent to play on the great flat roof, a wonderful place for good times. The young prince shared his toys with them generously. He was glad indeed to have friends of his own age to play with.

That night the two boys slept in one of the palace rooms. A servant unrolled their own bedding on to two rope beds like the ones in their father's house, except that the legs were decorated with red and green lacquer.

"Wouldn't you like to be a rajah's son and live in a palace and have so many things?" said Man Mohan.

"I'm not sure," answered Piyare Lal, sleepily. "I might be very lonely."

NOTES

The Morning Bath is part of the religious ceremonial.

Rolls of Bedding. It is customary to carry one's bedding even when visiting. In the cold weather in North India a thick quilt, pillow, blanket, etc., are neatly rolled inside a

rug or waterproof cover and strapped. The bedding rolls are always part of a traveler's luggage on a long journey.

Sikhs have a religion somewhat like Hinduism, but they have rejected caste and do not obey the Brahmans. They are a warlike people and are good soldiers. They are progressive in education, and hold many important posts, especially in the Punjab.

Motor Cars. There are 17,370 licensed motor vehicles in the Punjab (1929). The estimated number for India is 100,000.

Languages. English is spoken all over India by educated people. Urdu is one of twelve main languages of India. It is understood and spoken in the northern section. Punjabi is related to Urdu. It is spoken in the homes, and by the great mass of the people.

Presence. Used by subordinates to their superiors. Means "your honor."

Indian Physicians. Although there are many Indian doctors trained by government and mission medical schools, there are not nearly enough for the needs of India. All missionary doctors have great opportunity, and many more are needed. There are large sections of India without a doctor or a hospital, or even a dispensary.

The Vedas. The ancient sacred writings of the Hindus. They consist of hymns addressed to nature gods, and have been called the oldest record extant of civilized mankind.

Roads. The British government has achieved great things in the line of public works. Excellent roads, canal and irrigation systems, railroads, post and telegraph systems, are efficiently maintained.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THE DOCTOR and his sons were returning in the automobile along the road from Jodana to Daulatpur. The boys were talking about the rajah's son.

"He has a wonderful lot of toys," said Man Mohan, "a play motor car that even has a luggage carrier on the back, and an electric train."

"And so many books—books with pictures in them. His teacher orders them from England. He has Urdu books, too, like ours. Can't we have more books with pictures?" asked Piyare Lal.

"And some toys; we have hardly any," added Man Mohan.

"My sons," explained the doctor, "you know that your honored grandfather has had much expense in giving the best education to all his sons, and many of the grandsons and granddaughters are now in school. Our religion teaches us to live simply. You and your brother and sisters and cousins have food and clothing and you all have shelter in a good house. Do not complain."

It did not seem strange to Man Mohan and Piyare Lal to live with so many cousins and uncles and aunts. They knew that their father and their uncles, although they were grown men, gave all the money they earned to their grandfather, who spent it for the family. All the children were treated alike. They were so accustomed to sharing equally with all members of the family, and obeying those older than themselves, that they really never thought much about it.

"We did not mean to complain, honored Father," both boys hastened to say.

As they rode they noticed that the harvest was ripening fast. The boys pointed out to each other the differences in the fields of wheat. Some were so much taller and riper than others, and some had stalks close together and heavy with full grains.

"Some of these farmers have been learning better methods and using better seeds," said Father. Just then he salaamed to a foreign gentleman in a small car.

"That is the Rev. Mr. Brown, a missionary who lives out among the village people in this district," he explained. "No doubt he is helping the farmers make use of these better methods."

Here and there a fortunate farmer who had planted early was already, with the help of his sons and laborers, cutting the wheat with small hand-sickles. Boys of about Man Mohan's age were gathering and tying the grain in sheaves. Behind the reapers, several of the poorer women stooped to pick up stalks that had dropped, and gathered them in their *chuddars*.

"Look, Piyare, here they are even beginning to thresh."

Sure enough, just outside of one village men were sweeping the threshing-floor, a large, flat, sun-baked space on which they would beat the grain out of the husks. Great piles of the wheat lay there like heaped gold. Small boys were harnessing the bullocks that would be driven round and round the circle, stamping their hoofs and dragging the heavy weight of woven branches which threshed the grain.

"It is a good harvest," said Father. "Let us hope no rain will come before the wheat is threshed and under cover."

Near the road was the village well. As the boys were

thirsty, the car was stopped and they jumped out to get a drink. They had brought their own brass bowl, with a long rope tied to the neck of it, and they let it down into the well. They had to be very careful always not to take water from the cup of anyone not of their caste.

Just after they started again, they came upon a crowd shrieking and waving their hands. A high bamboo cart, drawn by a bony horse and greatly overloaded, had overturned, and an old man had been badly hurt. Father ordered the car stopped and jumped down to help.

"Come, brother," he called to one of the bystanders, "help me to lift this poor fellow over by the well."

"No, no, sahib, can you not see that he is a low-caste? Wretch of a sweeper! He will defile us."

The boys watched as Father tried to get one after another of those big strong men to help him lift the sufferer. But not one was willing to break caste by touching him.

Piyare Lal began to think he would have to get out of the car and try to help. It would be pretty hard to touch an outcaste. It would mean a lot of trouble about ceremonial bathing and changing clothes afterwards. And how could they do that here? But there was Father—he was not hesitating. He was touching that untouchable, and trying to persuade other caste men to do so. Perhaps, thought Piyare Lal, Man Mohan would help. His brother wasn't so afraid about breaking the rules of religion as he himself was. Yes, Man Mohan was starting to get out of the car!

Just then another outcaste, a farm laborer, came through the fields. Father called to him, and the outcaste helped place the injured man under a tree near the well.

"Buta Singh," called the doctor to his chauffeur, "bring my medicine bag."

While their father was cleaning and bandaging the suf-

ferer's wounds, the two boys talked a bit. They were puzzled. All their lives they had been taught that the sweepers were filthy people who should not be allowed to come near the caste people. It seemed quite right to Man Mohan and Piyare Lal, for it was the teaching of their mother and grandmother, and the custom of their home.

And now their father was breaking this custom. How strangely Father acted! Since their grandfather had moved to this new town, so many things had been different.

"Of course," said Man Mohan, "our honored father is a doctor, and I suppose that makes a difference. It is his duty to help anyone who is hurt or sick."

"It must be hard for a doctor to keep our religious rules about caste," said Piyare Lal.

"I wonder if he thinks it necessary," whispered Man Mohan. "It seems strange about our honored father—he does not seem to be as strict about keeping caste as Grandfather and the rest of the family are."

"I heard Grandmother say that Father learned new ways of thinking when he was at the mission college," suggested Piyare Lal.

"Well, I'm glad of that, anyway, for that's the reason he allows us to join the Cubs, though he knows that Prem Masih is at the head of our Six and that we have Mohammedans and a Sikh in it."

They noticed that the farm laborer who had helped had gone on to his work. Just then Father called, "Come, sons, show me what you have learned among the Cubs about carrying a sick person. I want to take this man to the mission hospital at Kalaspur; it is only ten miles from here, and the missionary doctor there is a friend of mine. We'll try to make the poor fellow comfortable in

the back seat of the car. Will you boys help me get him in?"

This was just what Piyare Lal had been dreading. Of course he could not disobey his respected father's order, but he was not so quick about getting out of the car as Man Mohan was. He held back as much as he could, hoping his father would not notice.

Man Mohan was doing his share manfully. But just as he stepped on the running-board he stumbled, and the man's shoulder, which he was supporting, dropped a bit. The poor man groaned. Then Piyare Lal jumped to help, and tried to hold the hurt shoulder gently as the others pushed the sufferer to his resting place on the back seat. He felt both ashamed and glad when the man spoke weakly: "Your great kindness—thank you."

NOTES

Agricultural Methods. The government maintains agricultural colleges and research and demonstration centers. Mission work in the rural field is most important and most fruitful. By teaching improved methods to the villagers, Christian workers are helping to solve the problem of poverty. Christian missions are working in many centers in India for the uplift of village life. See *The Wonderland of India,* pages 36-37, and Chapter VI, "Feeding the Hungry"; also *Building with India,* pages 43 *ff.*

Irrigation. As rain is rare except in the rainy season (July and August), farms depend upon irrigation from wells or canals. Water is precious in India. The water-carrier, who carries water in a goat-skin from the wells to the homes, is called a *bhishti,* which means literally "heavenly one."

Threshing is done in practically the same manner as in Bible times.

Untouchables. See notes on *Caste* and *Outcastes* on pages 11-12.

COMRADES DIVIDED

"SOSHILA, have you seen your brothers?" Grandmother asked the question late in the afternoon of a hot day in early June. She was sitting on a rope bed in the big paved courtyard of the *zenana*. There in the corner shaded by high brick walls was a little coolness as the sun began to sink into the west.

"They went to play with that Christian boy," answered Soshila.

The girls of the family, under their grandmother's direction, were preparing for one of the Hindu special religious observances which was to be celebrated that evening and next day. They were just now painting on a wall the religious symbols belonging to the ceremony. Dulari had made some black paint by scraping off the soot from the bottom of the griddle and mixing it with oil. Soshila was learning to paint the design. Grandmother explained the meaning of each symbol, and told them the legend of the day.

After the design on the wall was finished, a table was placed under it. Little saucers made of flour dough and filled with melted butter with wicks floating in it were placed on the corners of the table, and in the center was an image of Vishnu. The girls then sat down to make garlands of marigolds and fragrant jasmine blossoms to decorate the little altar.

It was getting dark when the boys came in, tired from their long, hot day. School had opened at six that morning, as it usually does in the Punjab during the summer term. At noon they had come home through the blazing

heat, glad of the protection of their big turbans. After their meal, like sensible people when the thermometer shows 115°F in the shade, they had slept until four. Even when they had gone out at six in the evening they had not felt like playing games. They had spent the time at Prem's house planning for the meeting of the Cubs next day.

The boys greeted their grandmother respectfully and threw themselves on one of the rope beds in the shade of the house wall.

"What festival are you preparing for?" asked Man Mohan.

"Tomorrow is the fast of Nirjala Ikadishi. We shall abstain from food and eat only melons," Grandmother explained.

"We are going to have lots of melons and other fruits. And Mother says I may help give out drinks of sweetened water to thirsty people in the bazaars," said little Ram Lal.

"We'll have no school," said Piyare Lal, "but may we go to our Cubs meeting in the afternoon, Grandmother?"

"Yes, but come home early, for there will be crowds in the streets."

Just then Mother's gentle voice called from the balcony above, "Come, it is time to get ready for the *puja*."

They ran quickly up the narrow stone steps. They slipped off their shoes, setting them neatly in pairs outside the door, and entered the room, where they bowed respectfully to their mother and their aunts. Soshila ran to take baby Tara from Ayah's arms and play with her a bit.

After they had all bathed and put on clean clothes, the family gathered for the *puja* ceremony. The little lamps on the altar were lighted. The pundit was seated in front of the altar chanting Sanskrit verses. Only Grandfather could understand what he was saying.

Grandfather looked very stern. Piyare Lal felt worried as he noticed that Father had not come. After a long silence Grandfather said, "I think Ved Parkash is not coming. His mind is turned from us. He thinks we are old-fashioned. He says he does not approve of our worship. It seems to him that we really worship the idols themselves instead of what they represent."

"Ram, ram!" cried the priest. "He should not leave our ancient and true religion."

After the ceremony the children went again to the upper room for their evening meal. Each child took from the servant a brass tray on which were placed several small shining brass bowls, and sat down cross-legged on a mat to eat his supper. In the small bowls were different kinds of spicy stewed vegetables, and some rice with raisins in it. Their mother and one of their aunts gave the children hot, puffy bread cakes. With these in their fingers they dipped out the vegetable curries. They were very careful not to soil their fingers above the second joint. The best part of the meal was the sweet dish at the end, for this their mother had made for them. It was a white custard with nuts in it, and was spread all over the top with a very thin coating of silver leaf. They used more pieces of bread to eat this with.

The boys were soon in bed, but it was too hot to sleep.

"I hope all our Six will come to Cub meeting tomorrow," whispered Man Mohan. "Prem is a good captain, but it's hard to keep Gulam Mohammed and Allah Bakhsh from quarreling with Hari Singh."

"I don't see why we can't have just Hindus in our Six," suggested his brother. "The Mohammedans could have another group to themselves, and the Sikhs another group."

"Then we wouldn't have Prem for captain, and he's top boy of the class. Allah Bakhsh is awfully good at sports, and Gulam Mohammed is about the best jumper in the class. But it does seem awfully hard to make friends with them," sighed Man Mohan.

The next day they took the early bath, and kept the fast carefully. In the afternoon they were allowed to go to the Cub meeting at the Nur Mahal school.

Prem took his Cub book out of the pocket of his khaki shirt and began to read. He read slowly in English, and the boys discussed it in Urdu:

"'Cubs can do their bit to make their own town look smart and clean and to keep the place healthy and prevent people slipping, by clearing up behind the careless people who forget that the street and pavement are not meant to be a rubbish heap.'"

"But that is sweeper's work," objected Hari Singh. "Besides, a bazaar is so dirty and slimy, we couldn't ever get it clean."

"Perhaps that part of the second star test is not meant for boys in India," said Man Mohan, and all the boys, even Prem, agreed with him.

They had time after the meeting for a game. It started well, but soon they had to stop to settle a dispute. Just how things began to go wrong no one knew, but very quickly everyone was angry.

"Get out, Gulam Mohammed!" shouted Piyare Lal. "We don't want any Mohammedans in our Six."

This made Prem Masih angry. "We're not a caste troop," he called out; "we're a mission school club, and besides, Mahatma Gandhi says all castes should be friends, and he's the leader of you Hindus and of the whole country."

Piyare Lal was getting more and more excited. "Who

are you that you should tell caste people what to do? You're an outcaste yourself."

"Boys, boys!" The principal's voice was very sad. "Why can't you be friends? Don't you understand that until Hindus and Mohammedans and Sikhs and the rest unite, India cannot be a strong nation? Try not to quarrel. Look upon all your countrymen as comrades."

The boys started home together through the crowded bazaar. "The sun is down," said Prem, as they entered the street that leads past the Golden Mosque. This mosque was a small white building with a gilt dome and minarets, and at this moment of the sunset on Friday evening, many white-robed Mohammedans were at prayer.

Suddenly the boys heard music. A gaily colored procession of Hindus came down a side street, musicians leading the people, who were laughing and singing. Straight toward the mosque they came. The group of boys watched fascinated as the procession came on.

"They know it is an insult to play their music as they pass our sacred mosque," whispered Gulam Mohammed fiercely.

"But how many worse insults your Mohammedans have done to us Hindus! Look at the way you kill our sacred animal, the cow, just to spite us," answered Piyare Lal angrily.

At that Gulam Mohammed and Allah Bakhsh suddenly left the group and dashed across to the crowd of Mohammedans, who had got to their feet and were beginning to shout and rush together.

"I suppose that's the end of our Six," said Prem sadly. "Why are you fellows always fighting?"

The other boys and Prem were now caught in the noisy moving crowd and were pushed into the middle of the narrow street right in the path of the oncoming procession.

They were standing there bewildered, holding together, when they saw that a fight had started between the Mohammedans and Hindus.

The four boys were hurled back and forth. "We'll be killed, we'll be killed," sobbed Piyare Lal.

"There's Father," cried Prem suddenly. "Father, Father, help us!" he called at the top of his lungs.

The tall strong figure of Gulam Masih, Prem's father, was easily seen pushing through the crowd. Many of the rioters knew him by sight, as he was a respected member of the municipal committee of the town. Some of them knew that he was a member who was interested in poor people, and helped when there was a bad epidemic of sickness. So they made way for him, and listened when he spoke. "Peace, my brothers!" said his strong, gentle voice. "Do not crush these children. They have done you no harm."

The boys kept close to their rescuer as he led them out of the crowd. Some of the people had stopped fighting at Gulam Masih's word, and a rumor was being spread that the police were coming. Still the boys could hear the terrible shouts and screams of angry people as they passed through quieter streets to Dr. Ved Parkash's house.

"Fighting is a terrible thing, boys," said Mr. Gulam Masih as he left them at the gate. "I wish that all men would obey the Lord Jesus, who taught us the right way to treat our enemies."

NOTES

Hindu Festivals. There are many sacred days in the Hindu calendar. The stories connected with these festivals are taught to the women by the priests, and the household ceremonials are scrupulously observed. For a statement about the Hindu religion and about home ceremonies, see *The Wonderland of India,* pages 38-42.

Puja. The ceremonial worship, which must be performed in a prescribed manner.

Idolatry. Mohammedans believe in one God and oppose idolatry in every form. Intelligent modern Hindus also repudiate the worship of idols, and are trying to purify their religion of idolatry. They explain that the images of gods and goddesses are used only as symbols to help them think of God. But the majority of middle-class Hindus believe that the gods and goddesses live in their images. Their worship is full of superstition.

Vishnu. One of the three main gods of Hinduism.

Food. See *The Wonderland of India,* pages 32-34.

Communal Riots. Between August, 1923, and July, 1926, 74 communal riots took place in India, resulting in 258 dead, and 2,811 seriously injured. These conflicts still continue. Pundit Moti Lal Nehru, one of the great political leaders of the day, says: "Religion as practised today is the greatest separatist force. It puts artificial barriers between man and man, and prevents the development of healthy and cooperative national life."

Music. The Koran forbids all music in connection with religious worship.

The Sacred Cow. The cow is sacred in the Hindu religion. The slaughtering of cows and the eating of beef are abhorrent to Hindus.

Mahatma Gandhi is the great leader in the political and social life of India, honored throughout the world for his sincerity and devotion. He is worshiped as a saint by many in India. The title Mahatma means "holy one," or "the great-souled." See "A Visit to Gandhi," page 126.

A PILGRIMAGE

"BE CAREFUL, boys! Here's a bad place." Father, standing on a rock above Man Mohan and Piyare Lal, reached down a hand to help them, one at a time, to scramble up the narrow ledge. Above them to the left rose a sheer mountain wall out of which the narrow trail had been cut; below to the right was a sharp precipice, dropping to the rushing mountain stream a thousand feet below.

Dr. Ved Parkash had brought his sons with him on a religious pilgrimage to the sacred cave of Amarnath, high in the lonely mountain passes of the Himalayas. It was now noon of the second day of their climb from their camp at Pahlgam. They were almost over the second pass, fourteen thousand feet above sea level, which they must cross on their pilgrimage.

Close behind them on the trail came their small troop of sure-footed mountain ponies, heavily loaded with tent and bedding, and their cook, with his cooking pots and food supplies.

When the boys paused to rest they could see clearly, below and above, the rocky, slippery trail, winding up the steep side of the mountain. It was crowded with pilgrims. They could see hundreds on the bare, treeless mountainside. Many were on foot, some on ponies, some—old folks and women—were carried in chairs which were tied on poles, and even in baskets on coolies' backs. There were rich men with cavalcades of ponies and servants, and poor beggars without even a blanket for their bare backs, tramping naked through the icy cold.

"Some of them," explained Father, "are doing penance for their sins, or striving to gain merit for future happiness; but many are seeking a vision of the blessed Siva."

It seemed as if the trail would never end. The boys were almost exhausted. Every breath in that high, cold atmosphere was painful. Nearer now above them they could see the sharp long line of the top of the pass, they could catch the gleam of the fast melting snow and ice.

"Patience, boys," called Father, "this is the last long pull. Keep up your courage!"

At last the path began to wind downward to a long valley through which ran a river that had its source on the water-shed they had just crossed. The boys walked briskly and were soon at the place selected for their rest and late breakfast. As they were still above the timber line, even in this valley, no wood was to be found except a few scraggly juniper bushes which the coolies had cut and now offered to them at a high price. A little ahead was an enormous pile of good firewood which had been brought up from a lower mountain at the order of a rich rajah, to be given to poor *sadhus* making this pilgrimage.

After they had eaten the good *chapatis* and *dal* which their cook had prepared for them, Father said, "Well, sons, how are the Wolf-Cubs getting on?"

"Our Six are ahead of the whole Pack," explained Man Mohan. "We all have our two stars, and every one of us has earned at least one proficiency badge. Mine is the first-aider."

"But we had a hard time keeping our Six together after the day of the riot—you remember, when we got caught in that terrible fight with the Mohammedans and Prem's father came to our rescue?" Piyare Lal began.

"Yes. I am grateful to my friend Gulam Masih—he showed great courage."

"Well," Piyare Lal continued, "you know we have several religious communities in the Six. Two of the boys are Mohammedans, Hari Singh is Sikh, we two are Hindus, and Prem Masih is low-caste—I mean Christian. Well, the Mohammedan boys just wouldn't come near us Hindus after that riot, and they gave us all kinds of *gali.*"

"And I suppose you didn't do any fighting back?" asked their father slyly.

"Oh, yes we did! But the teacher caught us at it and made us stop. And he said we'd be disgraced before the whole Pack if our Six broke up in an intercommunal rivalry. What does that mean, Father?"

"It means that the different communities in India—Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs—are jealous of each other and often quarrel. It is the curse of our country now, and we cannot make much progress toward *swaraj* till we solve this problem. Mahatma Gandhi has called us to Hindu-Moslem unity, but few have heeded his call," said Father sadly. "How did you solve your difficulties?"

"Well, the Principal Sahib began to tell in morning service a lot of stories about people who had settled fights by following the principles of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he read some of the things that Jesus taught. So we talked to Prem, and we all tried to think of ways to be kind to those Mohammedan boys, and our teacher helped. And at last they came in, and we all worked together, and our Six came out on top."

It was now time to stretch their stiff and weary legs and march on again, for they must camp that night under Amarnath Mountain. While they were resting they had watched hundreds of pilgrims plodding onward. Most of them wore in the middle of their foreheads the same mark of red paint which the boys and their father wore, the mark of the worshiper of Siva. Large numbers were

dressed in flowing robes of a rich saffron color. The boys knew by the color that they were *sannyasi,* men who have devoted their lives to religion. Often Dr. Ved Parkash would drop coins into their begging bowls.

Piyare Lal made a special deep salaam to one of these dignified pilgrims who now passed them.

"Did you see how good his face looked?" he whispered to his brother. "I think it is wonderful to give up everything to seek for God. Oh, look at this *sadhu* coming! He hasn't even a blanket, and his sandals are quite worn out. He limps as if every step hurt him. Think of what he has given up for God! Think what he suffers in order to find peace!"

"But," objected the practical Man Mohan, "I don't think it is very sensible to give up everything—family and work and friends and all—for no use. I think it's better to do some good, and to help our fellow-men."

As they tramped along the weary miles of that high valley the clouds ahead broke, and showed a great, dark, forbidding mountain with a jagged top.

"It is the sacred mountain Amarnath," said Father.

They did not talk much during that last terrible pull up the ugly, terrifying mountainside. "What is it for, this pilgrimage?" they thought.

As if in answer, they heard a pundit reading from his Sanskrit book as he rested a moment on a block of ice.

"O *punditji,* what shall we see in the abode of Siva?" they dared to ask.

"Ah, my sons, ye shall see wonders of the gods—miraculous images formed in ice, and a pair of doves that live for ever. But only those whose hearts are pure will see these wonders. And to those who have done long penance and given many alms, the Blessed One, Siva, will himself appear and give them their desires."

Piyare Lal wondered if his father would see this vision of God.

Up, up—at last they stood, crowded with many others, inside a large cave. In little niches along the sides, *sadhus* were worshiping. Some were sitting in long, motionless meditation. One held his withered arm above his head. Some had taken a vow of silence. Some had come a thousand miles or more on this pilgrimage, traveling by railroad as far as Rawalpindi, but on foot over the mountains and valleys of Kashmir. Dr. Ved Parkash gave alms to everyone.

In the cave the boys saw some gray doves fluttering. It was a little strange to see birds living in such a high altitude, but Man Mohan didn't see anything miraculous in it. They also saw three piles of white ice. These seemed to have formed from three underground springs which froze as soon as they came out into the cold air of the cave. They could easily see, too, long icicles hanging from the roof and nearly touching the three piles. It was most interesting, especially as the boys had never seen snow and ice till they came to Kashmir.

But they were surprised when they saw pilgrims falling down and worshiping these piles of ice, and dropping flowers upon them.

"Why, Father, they think it is a miracle!" exclaimed Man Mohan.

But Piyare Lal said nothing, for he was looking at his father's face. There was a strange, sad look there. He thought, "Father is disappointed. The Blessed One has not appeared to him. He has not found peace in this sacred shrine."

The march down took them only two days, and many of the pilgrims did it in one. The strong ones strode fast down the rugged paths. The weak were left behind.

Many were sick. At Shisha Nag, the Lake of Glass, Father stopped behind to give medicine to a *sadhu* who had got pneumonia. He had done penance for his sins by bathing in the sacred lake, though he had to break the ice to do so.

"I didn't see any wonders and miracles in the cave," said Man Mohan boldly, as they waited by the side of the trail for their father. "I wonder if *anyone* had a vision of the Blessed One?"

"But if God doesn't show himself in a holy place like Amarnath, how can we know him?" asked Piyare Lal wistfully.

"Here is a learned pundit," said the practical brother, "let's ask him."

What do you think the pundit answered?

NOTES

Siva. One of the three highest gods of Hinduism.

Geography. For the Himalayas see *India in Pictures,* page 21, and *The Wonderland of India,* page 18. For the Vale of Kashmir, see encyclopedias and geographies.

Saffron Color has a sacred significance. Garments of this beautiful color (orange or flame is near the shade) are worn by men who have devoted their lives to religion.

"The Blessed One has not appeared." Pandita Ramabai says in her Journal that the people believed that if they worshiped the gods in prescribed ways, gave alms to the Brahmans, fasted and performed penance, the gods and goddesses would appear and talk to the worshipers and give them their wish. The present writer, while tramping to Amarnath just before the pilgrimage in 1927 (this pilgrimage is an annual event), was asked many times by earnest and sympathetic pilgrims, "Are you asking for a son?" and was told in return their purposes and prayers for health, for children, for release from poverty, and so on.

FOR THE MOTHERLAND

Part I

SEPTEMBER, when school opened again, was a busy month. The Six had several meetings when they told each other about the exciting experiences of their vacations. All listened eagerly to the description of the Himalayas, and the lovely Vale of Kashmir. The Principal Sahib, who overheard them talking, said that many visitors from Europe and America think Kashmir is the most beautiful spot on earth.

Gulam Mohammed had enjoyed the most wonderful trip of all. His father was an inspector of schools, and he had taken his son with him on a trip to South and Central India, to see the school systems and methods of other provinces. They had traveled over six thousand miles by railway, and had observed many kinds of people and many different customs. It took Gulam Mohammed a long time to tell about the famous places, wonderful buildings, and strange scenery which the two had seen.

Hari Singh had taken a short trip to a city where Mrs. Sairojini Naidu, the famous poet and political leader, was holding meetings. His uncle had taken him to hear her speak. The Principal Sahib told the boys that Mrs. Sairojini Naidu had just been an honored visitor in America. He told them also about several world-famous Indians whom he himself had met and greatly admired: Mahatma Gandhi, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and many others.

"What did *you* do, Prem?" asked Allah Bakhsh of the Christian boy among them.

"Oh, I just went to a village in this district. My older brother Samuel, the one who is in college, went out there to start a school and dispensary and help the people. He took me with him to cook his food and help him. I'll tell you about it another time."

"Boys," suggested the Principal Sahib, "why don't you ask your Fifth Class teacher to let you tell the class about your vacation experiences? I should be glad to take part by telling some of the things I admire about India."

So one day the Fifth Class had a most interesting geography and history morning. Allah Bakhsh traced Gulam Mohammed's trip on the big, pear-shaped outline of India which their class teacher had drawn on the board. Gulam Mohammed told of far-away Travancore and the coral rocks of Cape Cormorin, of the magnificent buildings of Delhi, and of the lovely Taj Mahal, which the Principal Sahib called "the most exquisite piece of architecture in the world." Piyare Lal told of the scenery of Kashmir, and Man Mohan of the famous mission boys' school at Srinagar, where the boys have saved many lives from drowning and have helped in the time of epidemics of cholera. Hari Singh read an essay on "Great Men of India." Their teacher was glad to tell them about a visit he had made to Mahatma Gandhi.

Then the Principal Sahib told of the recent discoveries at two places in India of the remains of cities five thousand years old. The things that were dug up showed, he said, that the people of India were skilful in arts and crafts and lived in comfortable cities when the ancestors of the Americans were savages. He said the class ought to be proud of India's long and wonderful history.

Prem told of his experiences in the village. That led them all to talk about the great amount of sickness in the villages and cities of India. Their teacher explained about

the causes of cholera, plague, and other dreaded diseases. He said the ignorance of the people, and crowded and unsanitary conditions in the cities and villages, were the principal causes. That gave the class the great idea of building a model city in their classroom.

For weeks the class spent all their spare time building this miniature town on the floor at the back of the room. They marked out the streets with lime. They made a kind of plaster from broken bits of stone and brick mixed with lime and mud. With this they built some of the walls and buildings. Some of the boys modeled from clay, and painted lines on the walls so that they looked like brick houses. The teacher helped, and taught them hygiene and geography as they worked. When they had almost finished they invited the Principal Sahib to come to the Fifth Class to see the model city.

The Principal Sahib arrived during the first period. Man Mohan jumped to his place near the model. He had been elected president of the municipal committee, and he knew it would be his duty to answer questions. The rest of the class grouped themselves around the city.

"Sir, it is not quite as it should be," explained Man Mohan. "We keep on having much difficulty to find room enough for the necessary buildings, streets, and parks."

"It does not seem exactly like an Indian city to me," said the Principal Sahib, smiling.

A chorus of voices answered him.

"We have made a law about wide streets."

"A city should have plenty of air and sunlight."

"See this playground for children!"

"And the purdah garden, so that the ladies need not be shut up in the *zenanas,* but can have a place for outdoor exercise."

"We think the first need of our city is health."

"Did your honor notice the name of our city, and the city motto?"

Sure enough, on the wall above was tacked a great card with the name in beautiful colored script: The City of Light. And below, within a border of floral design, was the motto, a quotation from the Mahabharata:

> What is the great joy in existence?
> Among all joys, health is unsurpassed.

"And what are these buildings you have started?" asked the Principal Sahib.

"A post office."—"And a railway station."—"And an electric light plant."

"What about schools?"

"We are having much discussion about that now, sir," explained Prem. "Some of us want to have as many schools for girls as we have for boys. And we want two intermediate colleges, one for men and one for women."

"But the girls won't come to school," objected one boy. "Lots of people don't believe girls can learn much, and they think it spoils them."

"But our town is progressive. We think the girls should have a chance, the same as we have," protested Man Mohan.

"There seems to be a slight difference of opinion here," said the Principal Sahib. "Suppose we talk the matter over for a few minutes."

What do you think they all said?

Part II

The day after Diwali, the Feast of Lights, Man Mohan and Piyare Lal were almost late for school. It was not nearly so hot now in October as it had been during the

summer season. Still, school had to begin at seven in order to avoid some of the extreme heat of midday.

The boys had been up late the night before, as they had gone out to see the lights of the city. Before they went they helped to carry the *divas* up to the roofs of their own house and place them, four inches apart, along all the parapets. Every Hindu home and building was illuminated with hundreds of *divas* and candles, and a few with small electric bulbs. These tiny lights outlined the roofs, parapets, and balconies. It seemed as if the homes were decked with necklaces of bright jewels.

The city was full of excitement. Many were worshiping Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, and the boys saw a great deal of gambling going on. Later in the evening they enjoyed the fireworks set off in the public park. They did not leave till the last pinwheels and rockets and the wonderful flame picture of the Taj Mahal and other pieces had been set off. After being out so late, it was no wonder that they overslept in the morning.

"We must hurry, Piyare Lal, there is a lot to do on our model city. We mustn't be late." And Man Mohan broke into a run through the narrow bazaar.

Just as the bell began to ring, the boys clambered up the worn stone steps of the old rambling palace which had been changed by the missionaries into the Palace-of-Light school. They left their shoes neatly placed against the wall of their classroom. There were many pairs of red and brown pointed Punjabi slippers there, and stiff, clumsy foreign shoes as well.

The Principal Sahib came in during the first period, and asked permission of the teacher to address the class. "I have been thinking," he said, "of what a great country your India is, and of how glad I am to be here to help you to make it even greater and better. I know you are

proud of your motherland. I am sure that in working on the model city you have thought of many things you can do to help India, and to make *swaraj* successful when it comes. I should like to have each member of the class hand in a paper tomorrow. On the paper make two lists, one called "Reasons Why I Am Proud of My Motherland." and the other, "What I Can Do to Serve My Motherland."

When the two boys reached home, to their surprise they were called by their father into the sitting-room. There they found not only their grandfather, an uncle, and an older boy cousin, but the women of the household also. They saw at once the reason. Next to their lovely mother was sitting their cousin Shanti. The whole family always gathered to talk with Shanti when she came to call. When they had first come to Daulatpur, she had not been invited to their house. Shanti was the daughter of a nephew of Grandfather's of whom the family never spoke. When Piyare Lal dared to ask Mother about him, she looked almost frightened.

"Long ago," Mother finally explained, "Shanti's father was cast out of the family. He deserted our worship and our customs and joined the Christians. The most dreadful thing about it was that he was the only son of his father. The poor father was left in a most pitiable state, without a son to perform the ceremonies at his funeral pyre, and the sacrifices after his death. It was terrible, terrible! The son was, of course, cast out, and all the ceremonies were performed as if he had died. The women put a white cloth over a bed and wept and mourned all night for him."

This outcaste member of the family lived in a distant city. He had managed, although all his wealth was gone, to support himself and his family by work as a tutor. He had brought up two sons and two daughters, and had

educated them all, so that they now were doing Christian work in important positions.

Shanti was a beautiful young woman, and when she came to visit them she left off her doctor's uniform and wore beautifully colored silk *saris* with fascinating borders. The boys always loved to hear her talk, for she had the most interesting adventures and told about them well. Today they had almost missed her visit, for she asked permission to go soon after they entered. She was speaking very earnestly though very respectfully to Grandfather.

"I am sure, sir, that you agree with me that the sufferings of women in our country are very great. Girls are married when they should be in school, and they are often not well treated in their father-in-law's home. And there are many little girl widows who are miserable. I know reformers are working against these evils. And I know you are establishing schools for girls and trying to lessen the ignorance of women. It is wonderful to see how many people are really following the principles of Jesus."

"It sounded like an answer to the Principal Sahib's question," murmured Piyare Lal when Shanti had gone.

"Come on, let's write our papers now on the reasons we love the motherland, and the ways we can serve her," said Man Mohan.

NOTES

Railroads. The railroad systems are under government control. They are efficiently and safely operated. Great crowds of people with their boxes and bedding rolls are loaded into the second and third class carriages. The first class is used only by the wealthy. Third class tickets are cheap enough to come within the means of common people. See *India in Pictures,* pages 5 and 56; "Rules for Railway Travel," page 119.

Many Races. There are as many different races in India as there are in all the countries of Europe. They speak nearly

a hundred and fifty different languages and dialects. For description of people and their costumes, see *The Wonderland of India,* pages 15-16.

Mrs. Sairojini Naidu is a famous poet. She has recently made a trip to America, where she was enthusiastically received. So honored is she in her home land that she was made president of the Indian National Congress in 1925, and filled that honored and responsible position with great success.

Mahatma Gandhi. See page 32.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore is a world-famous poet and philosopher. He received the Nobel Prize in 1912. He has several times visited the United States for lecture tours, and many people have heard and loved him. One of his books of story-poems which every junior boy and girl would enjoy reading is *The Crescent Moon.*

Geography of India. See *The Wonderland of India,* pages 16-20.

Christians in Travancore. More than one-fourth of the population of the native state of Travancore are Christians. Many of these Christians belong to the ancient Syrian churches. "Christianity was well rooted in India before England was converted by St. Augustine. It is indeed the tradition of the Syrian Christian community of Travancore that St. Thomas the apostle himself brought the gospel to our shores. Whatever the value of that tradition may be, historians are now clear, from unassailable evidence, that Christianity must have been planted in India by the fourth if not the third century, and that a fairly flourishing community must have been in existence on both coasts of the peninsula in the fifth century."—K. T. Paul in *An Indian Approach to India,* pages 103-104.

Agra and Delhi. For descriptions of the buildings and stories of the Mogul emperors, see *The Wonderland of India,* pages 21-24. See also *Easy Stories from Indian History.*

VILLAGE FRIENDS

"PREM," said Piyare Lal one November day at an hour before school began, "you've never told us much about your vacation. What did you really do in that village with your brother? And wasn't it a dreadfully hot way to spend the vacation?"

"It was hot, but I liked helping my brother Samuel. He is in college, you know, and he's a fine fellow, let me tell you. Did you know he came out in the first division in the first arts examination? But he's not afraid to work in his holiday, though he is such a scholar."

"Why didn't he get a better post, instead of going out as a village teacher?" asked Man Mohan.

"He said the village people need the most help. He said that nine-tenths of the population of India live in villages, and yet most of the educated people leave the villages and live in the cities. They're not interested in helping and teaching the ignorant villagers. I don't see why. It was awfully interesting work, I thought. I say—a good idea has come to me. Why couldn't we all go out and see the very village where we were working? It's only twelve miles away, and we could go in the motor bus Saturday afternoon. School closes at one. What do you say?"

By this time the other members of the Six had gathered. They were all enthusiastic over the idea of the trip, except Hari Singh.

"What do you people care about seeing a village?" he said scornfully. "I've seen enough of them—dirty holes! I'll bet there aren't more than two baked brick houses in the whole of Prem's village. Haven't you seen enough of

those filthy mud huts? Besides, I'm sure my father won't give me permission to go into the outcaste section, and no doubt that's where Prem's wonderful school will be. Untouchables—bah!"

Prem looked very unhappy, till kind-hearted Piyare Lal came to his support. "Never mind him. Tell us the name of your village, so we can ask permission of our fathers. The rest of us want to go, anyway."

"It's Razapur," explained Prem, brightening up. "The motor bus usually starts from the corner by the post office some time after the clock strikes three."

"We'll ask our fathers," promised the four boys, as the ten o'clock bell rang for school to begin.

Only one of the Mohammedan boys was allowed to go to Razapur. Allah Bakhsh was kept at home because his married sister was coming to visit. When Man Mohan and Piyare Lal asked permission they had a great surprise.

"Razapur," said Mother. "Why, that's one of the villages your grandfather owns. It is part of our family estate. Let us see if your grandfather will give permission."

Grandfather was quite willing, but he did not approve of the trip in the motor bus. "I shall send the car," he said to his daughter-in-law. "The boys and their friends will be quite safe with Buta Singh. My opinion is that it will be good for the boys to see a typical village. Nothing is more needed in India than that educated people should take an interest in village uplift. As for that young Christian college student who started the school for the low-caste community, I saw the young man's work and was pleased with it. So long as he keeps the outcastes in their place and does not meddle with the village customs, I see no harm in teaching them to read. But the boys must be careful about going into the outcaste section. Remind

them that though these people may call themselves Christian, the villagers continue to look upon them merely as sweepers."

So Saturday afternoon the four boys set off in the big automobile for Razapur.

"Tell us something about your summer in the village, Prem," suggested Gulam Mohammed on the way.

"When my brother first went there this summer, he found all the people of the village very ignorant. Only a few sons of the better families were reading in the government school in the next village. The Christian people were new converts from among the sweepers. They didn't know anything. They lived outside the village in filthy huts. The missionary had just sent a preacher to them, and sent Samuel to help the preacher, especially with the children; and I went to help Samuel. We lived in a hut outside the walls of the village where the outcastes are made to stay. It was rather hard—I complained a lot about the way we had to live, and about not being near the city. There was no doctor within twelve miles, and we had to get what medicines the missionary could spare and doctor the sick ourselves—I was glad I'd learnt something of first aid. Samuel said that after all we were only doing the kind of thing Jesus did all the time when he lived on earth, and that made it worth while, no matter what it cost us."

After ten miles on the main highway, the motor turned off the smooth hard road and began to bump over a deep-rutted country road. Bounce! Their heads nearly hit the top of the touring-car. Ahead they could see, among a cluster of glossy-leaved mango trees, the mud-colored pile of village huts and walls.

Buta Singh stopped the car near the village well and the boys jumped out and ran to get a drink. That was easy,

though they had not brought their own bowls, for the well was working. Oxen were pulling the wooden wheel, which was hung all round with small earthenware buckets. These buckets spilled the water out into tiny channels that ran through the thirsty fields in which wheat had recently been planted. The boys just held their cupped hands under one of the buckets as it spilled, and drank their fill.

"Which lane do we take to get to the outcaste section of the village, Prem?" the others asked.

"The one around at the other side. Hello! What's this?" For there had come in sight, quite a distance beyond the village, a large white tent.

"Hurrah! I do believe it's the Sahib and Memsahiba. They are probably camping here for a week and visiting all the villages around here. I hope they are to be here today."

Just then they noticed women hurrying over the flat, baked-mud roofs to the house nearest the outcaste section. Their many-colored garments made a bright blotch against the mud wall beyond. Several men were sauntering through the lanes in the same direction.

"What has happened?" the boys asked one of the men.

"The sweepers' padre is looking at their school. We shall go and hear what he says to them. There is little work in the fields now."

By this time the boys had come to the school, a small mud brick building. The missionaries whose tent the boys had seen were there. Although it was Saturday afternoon the pupils were all present, fourteen boys and four girls. Man Mohan noticed that though the boys had clean hands and faces, scarcely one had a whole shirt, and all shivered with cold as the sun dropped low in the west.

"It makes me ashamed to have a warm coat," whispered Prem. "These people are terribly poor. The farmers pay

them with a share of the harvest, and half the time they keep part of that back. The children are often hungry in school. I wish I had a warm jersey for each one of them."

The missionary stepped out of the schoolhouse and saw Prem, who bowed low with a "Salaam, Sahib." Man Mohan, Piyare Lal and Gulam Mohammed also salaamed.

"Well, Prem, your brother Samuel's little school is still going well, in spite of the terrible persecution you went through last summer. You were a brave boy, Prem, and Samuel proved himself a true hero of Christ.

"What?" he continued, as he saw the bewildered look on the other boys' faces. "Haven't you told your friends about it? Then I will. During last summer, when Samuel and Prem were teaching these children, the caste people became angry at the Christians. They said the school had been built in a place where the Christians had no right to be. It was not true, but they tried to persuade Samuel to give up the school and go away. When he refused, they tried persecution. One night they turned Samuel and Prem out of their house, took away their beds, and beat them. Two or three of the leaders among the village Christians were also beaten. But Samuel would not give up—he went right on with his work. That's why I said he and Prem were both heroes."

The friends looked at Prem with admiration. They knew how hard it must have been for him and his brother to stick to a job like that.

The small boys of the school were crowding around. Prem was greeting each by name. "Salaam, Suhba; can you read your Bible now?"

"Without doubt," answered the boy, who was about their age. "I have finished the third year, and now I want to go to the school at Manto. Sahib," he spoke to the mis-

sionary now, "will you take me away to school? I want to read more."

The missionary looked down at him sadly. "I do much sorrow," he said. "There is not one place empty in the school at Manto. Nor are there any rupees to buy you a bed and a blanket there. But be ready—perhaps in a few months there may be a vacancy and you can go. You know you will have to work there to earn your education?"

"Sahib, you are my mother and father. Whatever you order I shall do," answered Suhba eagerly.

"I wish he could go right now," sighed Prem. "Oh, salaam, Bahadur," he said to a nine-year-old boy who had just come up. "I heard about how brave you were when you ran two miles through the fields at night to call your uncle when your grandfather was so sick. Weren't you afraid, Bahadur?"

"I was at first, brother," said Bahadur, "but then I remembered 'The Lord is my shepherd,' and the fear melted away. Jesus went with me through the terrible darkness."

"This little village school that Samuel and Prem started has made a great difference to the people here," the missionary explained to the visitors.

"You notice how clean the houses and courtyards of the Christians are. We have had much less sickness than usual," remarked the village pastor. "The schoolboys persuaded nearly everyone to be vaccinated. They formed a committee to clean up the village lanes in this section."

"We made pictures, too," broke in Bahadur, "and explained to our fathers and mothers how to prevent malaria and plague."

"They have been Christians only three years, and see how much they have learned!" exclaimed Prem proudly.

It was getting late. The cattle were wandering home. In the distance the boys could hear the peacocks screeching. The smoke began to rise from fires from the many courtyards of Razapur, where the mothers were cooking the evening meal.

The boys from the city politely asked of the missionary permission to leave, and said salaams to the pastor.

"I mean to ask Grandfather to let us come again," said Man Mohan. "I think we ought to do something to help the people of Razapur."

"I hope we can," agreed Piyare Lal.

NOTES

Rural Work of Missions. A very important part of the work of most of the missions in India is in the villages. Missionaries camp out in villages, touring through large districts. They preach to great numbers of people, start schools among them, and try to teach them how to be clean and healthy, how to do better farm work, and how to keep out of debt. Interesting stories are to be found in mission reports about this work. See *The Wonderland of India,* pages 57-59. An excellent statement by K. T. Paul, one of the outstanding Christian leaders, is contained in *An Indian Approach to India,* Chapter VI.

Village Schools. Day and boarding schools for village children, and training schools for village teachers, are interesting parts of Christian work. See *The Wonderland of India,* pages 63-64.

A FOREIGN COMRADE

"BOYS, I want to ask a favor of you," said the Principal Sahib after school one day early in December. "I see that Allah Bakhsh has left town, so now you have only five boys in your Six. It happens that my son has just come back from his school in the hills, where we have to send him during the hot weather. He would like to make friends with some boys in his own class, the Fifth Class. Will you take him into your Six, in Allah Bakhsh's place?" The boys said yes, politely, and the Principal Sahib invited them to have their next meeting at his home, the mission house, outside the city walls.

Man Mohan and Piyare Lal were much excited over the idea of visiting the missionary's bungalow, but they were a little doubtful about making friends with the American boy.

"Do you suppose he will say mean things about our country? Foreigners do not understand our customs," said Piyare Lal.

"But his father, our honored principal, is a foreigner, yet *he* loves our country," objected Man Mohan.

The day of the meeting came. Father took them with him in the motor to the missionary's house; he said he had long wanted to talk with the missionary about religious matters. Mr. Marston met them cordially on the veranda of the brick bungalow. Mrs. Marston was there beside him, smiling and ready to shake hands with Dr. Ved Parkash and his sons. The boys were very quiet and kept in the background while the older people talked.

They all sat down in the pleasant front room, which, like

their grandfather's room, had chairs and a davenport, but not so many pictures. They could see through the doors into two other rooms, and were astonished to see many chairs in those rooms too. They hoped that Mrs. Marston would show them all the strange things in this queer foreign-looking house.

They listened only a little to the conversation, as it was in English. While they understood English fairly well, it was a bit difficult when the talk was about politics or religion. It surprised them that Mrs. Marston, being a woman, entered freely into the conversation, but they were glad, for she spoke so clearly and slowly that they could get some of the meaning. Presently she rose and said, "Come, boys, Jim is waiting to see you. Jim, your guests have come," she called through the door.

Jim and Prem were in the garden. It was a beautiful place in the lovely December weather, full of gorgeous chrysanthemums of every hue, and great yellow roses. The boys were riding in Jim's "motor cycle and side car," which Jim had made out of his old velocipede and some boxes. They jumped out when the Hindu boys came, and gave them a turn in it. Soon Gulam Mohammed and Hari Singh arrived, and they all had a good time playing outdoors until the air began to get chilly. Then Mrs. Marston called them in to Jim's room, where she had a small wood fire in the open fireplace. She had laid out a parchesi board on the floor in front of the fire, and the boys were soon deep in the game.

After the game the boys began to look at Jim's books. What a lot of interesting books there were, and what wonderful pictures they had in them! There were plenty of good books, both Urdu and English, in Grandfather's house, but those were all for grown-ups. And in the bazaar bookshops, where Piyare Lal sometimes stopped on

the way from school, there were so few books interesting to boys.

Jim said, "If there are any books there you fellows would like to read, I'll be glad to lend them to you."

"May I have this geography?" asked Prem. "It's got a lot of pictures in it about America. I like to see how they do things in your country—how they raise wheat and harvest it, and how they spin and weave."

"Why, I'll give you that book," said Jim, eagerly. "I have another geography and I can easily spare this one. And here is a nature study book that Grandma sent me; it's full of pictures. I'll give that one to Man Mohan and Piyare Lal."

The boys were delighted with their books. But when they looked in the geography, Prem noticed something queer.

"Look here, see what it says about India. Why—why this makes me angry"—and he read from the book: " 'India is a very weak and backward country.' "

"But that's not true. Why do they put things into books that aren't true?" asked Man Mohan. "Why, our country is lots older than your United States, and we have a lot to teach the rest of the world. The Principal Sahib said so, anyway. Why do you Americans say such mean things about us?"

"It's only because we don't understand," explained Jim. "Some of our people think everyone who is different from us is queer. If they could only live here the way I do, and become acquainted with India and the Indian people, they'd know better and they'd like you as much as I do."

"Well," said Man Mohan, quieting down a little after Jim's friendly speech, "of course I'm beginning to see that there are some things in India that aren't right. See how poor those people in Prem's village were, and so ignorant,

too. Father says the Christian missionaries were the first to do anything for the untouchables."

"The Christian church has given life and hope to the outcaste, my father says." Prem spoke proudly. "And it seems to me that the people who follow Jesus are always helping those who are badly treated."

"And girls and women have a much fairer chance when there are Christian schools and hospitals in a country, don't you think so, boys?" said Mrs. Marston. "Remember the women in India who could never be cured of sickness and injuries from accidents if Christian women had not come to this country and started hospitals and training schools for nurses and doctors. And now there are even many Indian Christian women doctors, like your cousin Shanti, who go into *zenanas* where a man doctor can never go."

Just then they heard steps on the veranda, and a pleasant voice called out *"Dak hai!"*

"It is the *dakwala* with the mail! Father, the American mail has come!" shouted Jim. There stood the postman in his khaki uniform, red belt and red turban, holding out a big packet of letters. This was the most exciting moment of the week to this American family, living so far from their friends and relatives.

Often the moment was a disappointing one, for there would be only a few letters or none. But today there were several, and even a letter for Jim which had come by air mail. It had taken only sixteen days from New York, instead of the usual four weeks. Jim brought it over to where the other boys were waiting, and showed them the stamps and postmarks.

"Will you excuse me if I read it?" he asked. There was a moment of polite silence, then Jim gave a whoop.

"Look here!" he shouted, and held up a slip of paper.

"It's a check for eighteen dollars from my cousin's Sunday school class! Listen to what she says.

'Dear Jim:

Our class of juniors raised this Christmas gift for India. We all earned our share. We want you to spend it for us to help some Indian boys or girls that you know. Please don't forget to write us all about what you did with it.

Your cousin,
Sylvia.

P.S. We are sending this by air mail, so that you'll have time before Christmas to plan how to spend it.'

"Eighteen dollars—why, that's nearly fifty rupees! I'm glad they sent it in time for Christmas; so often we get our Christmas gifts in January! How can *I* decide how to spend it? There's so much that could be done with fifty rupees—it's a wonderful lot of money. I say, suppose we all form a committee to decide what to do with it?"

"Let's spend it to send that village boy Suhba to boarding school," suggested Man Mohan.

"Let's give it to Dr. Shanti to spend for giving medicine to *zenana* women," was Piyare Lal's idea.

"Let's give milk to the kindergarten children of our school that Father says don't have proper food," suggested Hari Singh.

"We might send girls to school, or start a dispensary somewhere," said Jim.

"I'd like to use it to buy some Bible stories and pictures and give them to people," said Prem.

"How shall we ever decide? There are so many things that are needed in India," sighed Jim.

NOTES

Missionary Homes are usually in large brick bungalows surrounded by trees and a garden. Large rooms and shade

around the house are necessary because of the extreme heat that lasts more than half the year. These houses are uncomfortably chilly in the cold season. Open fires in the fireplaces are a luxury for missionaries, because the cost of firewood is high. Their children usually go away to boarding schools in the hills for nine months of the year, as the climate of the plains produces fevers and other illnesses. The climate is very difficult for people from the Western hemisphere, and there is danger to health unless special precautions are taken.

Parchesi. This game, which is popular in Western countries, was invented in India. It is called the royal game of India. In one of the courtyards of a wonderful old palace at Fatehpur Sikri, near Agra, there is an enormous parchesi board made of light and dark paving stones. It is said that the emperor Akbar used to play the game there, using slave children for the pieces to move about on the great board.

Air Mail. The terminus of the air service between England and India is at Karachi, on the west coast. Formerly fifteen days was the shortest mail time between England and India. By aeroplane it now takes a little more than six. This five-thousand-mile air line is the longest organized flying route in the world.

See also "Projects of Friendly Help," pages 141-142.

THE GREAT FRIEND

PIYARE LAL and Man Mohan were listening for the first time in their lives to the story of Jesus' birth. They were seated cross-legged on the floor of the long assembly room into which had crowded the three hundred boys of the Palace-of-Light school. It was a dull room, for it was lighted only by small windows looking out on a narrow alley, and there were no pictures on the walls.

But the room had been full of excitement that morning when the school had assembled, buzzing with conversation; for it was the last day of school before the Christmas vacation.

Silence had come suddenly, and the whole school had stood, straight and proud, watching with bright eyes as their dignified headmaster, the foreign Principal Sahib, and another gentleman, mounted the platform. Then, hands respectfully at their foreheads, the boys called out their salaam in unison.

The Principal Sahib smiled, thinking, "How they love to shout!" He was proud of this great school and its splendid boys. He wished he could show them to the public school in his home town, back in America. He had often written home about them, and the boys there were interested, and were writing to some of his boys who could read a little English. The Principal Sahib knew some girls, too, who were writing to a girls' school. "Friends across the world," he thought.

The headmaster introduced the gentleman who had come in with them. It was Mr. Gulam Masih, the father of Prem, of the Fifth Class. Prem's father began by tell-

ing the story which Man Mohan and Piyare Lal had never heard before, the story of the coming of the Prince of Peace. He told of the holy sages, the three wise men, making pilgrimage to seek for the great Prince sent by God. Piyare Lal remembered the pilgrimage to the lofty mountain cave which he had taken with his father and brother. He remembered the sadness on his father's face. He thought how happy the three wise men must have been when they found what they sought.

Prem's father paused a minute. Then his voice rang out. "This Prince is my Savior and my Friend. Upon him have I set my *bhakti.* He is the best friend, boys. He will help you to do right. He will bring peace and brotherhood to our beloved motherland."

Man Mohan was listening, too, as Prem's father went on to tell how this Prince of Peace was Jesus, who had come to show God's love to all the world, to heal the sick, and to teach all men to be brothers. Man Mohan thought about poverty and sickness, and how much he wanted to help his country. And he thought about all the quarreling and fighting, and how hard it was just to keep everybody friends in the Cubs.

"O God, our Father," prayed Man Mohan in his heart, "help me to do things right and not make mistakes." And Piyare Lal thought, "If I am faithful to the pure religion of the Vedas and do every duty ordered in the Shastras, I shall surely find the way to God."

As the boys walked home from school at four that afternoon, they went around the bazaar by the circular road instead of through the crowded alleys. They loved to play about the caravanserai which was on that road near the outskirts of the town. It was the great open-air inn where travelers from a distance stopped. Often the rooms and stables of the ancient sheds on four sides of the grass-

grown courts were empty, but sometimes caravans of merchants halted there. It was fun to see the rugs and gay embroideries they had brought into India from Afghanistan.

"Oh, look!" Man Mohan grabbed his brother's arm as they turned into the circular road. "Here comes a caravan. We're in luck to have a holiday tomorrow. We can have lots of fun at the caravanserai."

Along the road as far as they could see stretched the line of loaded camels. Against the bright sky these looked like a border of strange design, each huge animal an even distance from the next ahead, to which he was tied by the rope in his nose-ring. The boys thought of the camels that bore those three wise men of the East in that long-ago time when they came seeking the Prince of Peace.

The next day, the day before Christmas, the two boys spent most of the morning among the camel drivers, hearing tales of the far north. The boys almost forgot the wonderful story they had heard about the Prince of Peace; almost, but not quite. "I wish Father could have heard that story," thought Man Mohan.

Once when they tired of play, Piyare Lal drew his brother to a quiet corner of the courtyard and whispered, "Our honored grandfather is angry with our honored father."

"Why?"

"He says Father is allowing his mind to be turned away from our ancient, beloved and true religion."

"Oh," cried Man Mohan, "I hope he won't take us out of the mission school!"

"Grandfather will let us stay in school, and he does not object to our listening to Bible stories and being friends with Prem and the others, but we must be more careful about performing our *puja*," said Piyare Lal sternly.

"Tell me, what answer did Father give to Grandfather?"

"What should he say? He must obey Grandfather, mustn't he? He asked forgiveness, and said he would be a dutiful son."

"Of course," said Man Mohan thoughtfully, "a son's first duty is to be loyal to his father. But I wish—" he broke off with a little sigh.

That very evening something unusual happened. Prem's father and mother and Prem himself came to call. Father received them in the reception room and sent for Man Mohan and Piyare Lal. They had time to notice what a beautiful *sari* Mrs. Gulam Masih was wearing, before their father courteously escorted her to the ladies' part of the house.

"Piyare Lal's mother will be most happy to welcome you, madam," he said.

The boys did not go to the *zenana*. They sat together and listened while their fathers talked.

"My friend," said Mr. Gulam Masih at the end of the conversation, "we all need help in trying to follow the Lord Jesus. That is why we have the Christian church. It is a great fellowship of those all over the world who are carrying on the work of Jesus. We came for a special purpose today," he continued. "It was to invite you and your family to come to our Christmas service in our church tomorrow evening. It is to be a White Gift Christmas, and I hope you and your sons will bring your honored presence there. The mother of Prem is asking the ladies of your house, and I hope you will permit them also to attend."

The boys waited in suspense for Dr. Ved Parkash's answer. Prem whispered, "What do you think? We are to give our money gifts to the Christians at Razapur to help build their church."

"I'd like to help with that," whispered Man Mohan in reply. They kept still now to hear their father's answer.

"It is your great kindness, my friend. I shall give you my answer in the morning after asking the consent of my honored father," replied Dr. Ved Parkash.

"And now will you kindly give us permission to go?" said Mr. Gulam Masih.

Man Mohan, at his father's command, went to summon Mrs. Gulam Masih at her husband's wish. When she had come they all shook hands and made their salaams very ceremoniously, and the guests left.

"I hope we can see the Christmas festival," said Man Mohan to Piyare Lal.

NOTES

"Piyare Lal's Mother." It is not customary for husband and wife to call each other by their names; they refer to "the father of Mohan" or "the mother of Allah Bakhsh." This custom prevails with Mohammedans, Sikhs, and Christians also.

See "Camels," page 123; and "From a Village Boarding School Girl," page 116.

Part Two

THE COURSE

TO THE LEADER

IT IS not easy to plan a course on India for boys and girls. Life and conditions in that rapidly changing nation are highly complex. Great differences are manifest between sections of the country and between classes of the people. It is impossible to cover all of these in a course of this length. Selection of one part and one general class is therefore necessary. For several reasons the author has chosen to picture Northern India, and people of the progressive, educated classes.

The scenes described in the stories are typical of large sections of India in the north. Any section of India in which the group may have been already interested should be compared with the background of the present stories. Perhaps one of the results of the study will be the breakdown of the notion of an inevitable connection between India and a background of palms, black skins, and tigers, "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

The people pictured in the stories are mainly of a type now almost overwhelmingly in the minority but steadily increasing. They include educated Hindus, Mohammedans, Sikhs, Parsis, as well as many Christians. It seems to the writer that this progressive minority of the Indian people should be made known to American boys and girls. There is no intention to deny or gloss over the fact that millions are still untouched or only slightly affected by the influences which are strong in the lives of the educated classes. Yet one who has lived in India during the last decade must have strong grounds for hope that the children who study this course will know in adult

life an India vastly different from the India of today. As Dr. Paton in *A Faith for the World* has said, "We shall not be far wrong if we regard the classes which are now most sensitive to change as representing the mass mind of the future, though themselves a minority at present."

Anyone who wishes to prove a point about India can find authorities to quote. Almost any statement can be proved or disproved about some section of the population. It is important that teachers should realize this and sincerely desire to discover the truth. Such an attitude on the part of the teacher will lay the foundation for open-mindedness on the part of the boys and girls.

Opinions differ widely on such important points as the character of the Indian people, the values in their religions (note that Hinduism is not the only religion of India), their fitness for self-government. The writer has, of course, certain convictions on these points which have controlled the planning of the course. These convictions have grown out of her own experiences (and prejudices, no doubt), but also from learning what others of more experience know of India. Certain criteria have helped her to judge the worth of what she reads about that country. A few recommendations may aid those who use this book to do the same thing.

For example: Attach most weight to the opinions of those who have lived longest in friendly relations with the Indian people; the foreign writers quoted in this book are all persons who have devoted their lives to India's service. Try to get the various points of view of Indians themselves. Study their literature and their opinions on current problems. Listen especially to those Indians who are unselfishly giving themselves in the service of their people. Keep posted on current events affecting India—before this

book is in print the report of the Simon Commission, which has spent a year and a half investigating political conditions in India, will be known to the world; the action of the British Parliament on that report will determine the status of India in the British commonwealth of nations. To estimate any fact or situation concerning modern India the teacher must keep abreast of the times. The newspapers have lately been filled with news and comment on Indian affairs.

General Objectives

It will be the leader's endeavor in teaching the boys and girls:

To stimulate growth in normal Christian living.

To secure a better appreciation of the Bible as a source of help for themselves and others.

To widen social experience by imaginative sharing in lives different in environment and customs from their own.

To arouse sympathy for boys and girls in India who, under harder conditions, have the same desires and problems as themselves.

To clarify information about India and Indians, correct wrong ideas, and lay the foundations of a permanent interest in the country and the people.

To build a better understanding of the blessings which the Christian religion has brought and can bring to India.

To develop respect for the Indian church, and willingness to cooperate with it.

To promote world peace through showing how, by applying the principles of Jesus, friction can be healed, misunderstandings avoided, and good-will established and made lasting.

In addition to these general objectives, there are specific aims listed for each session.

The Leader's Preparation

Obviously the most important part of the leader's preparation has to do with attitudes. While these have, to some degree, been taken for granted in the writing of the course, it would be well for the leader to ask herself such questions as: Do I think that Christianity has a message for the world? Do I want to help share that message? Do I think of the peoples of the world as members of one great family with one heavenly Father, the members of that family all having equal human rights and privileges?

Specific methods by which the leader may prepare herself to teach a course of this type are as follows:

Read over all the sections—To the Leader, Stories and Notes, Source Material, Sessions. In addition, as many of the background books listed in the bibliography as possible should be read, including those for boys and girls. The more the leader knows about India, other things being equal, the more able she will be to follow any leadings of the boys and girls, and the richer the course will become.

The specific program for each session will of course need to be gone over carefully in advance and definite plans made. These plans must not be so rigid that special points as they arise among the group cannot be taken into account.

There are other preparations which must be made in advance if the course is to be effective.

1. Get in touch with the children's secretary of your board of foreign missions, and find out whether there is any work in India for which children are particularly responsible or which would have any particular appeal for them. Be able to estimate the value of certain items in terms of money (see page 141), so that if the pupils give

a fixed sum they will know about what their money will provide.

2. You may know or someone may tell you of an Indian national who would be willing to come and address your group. Take pains to discover whether his point of view will contribute to the objectives you have in mind, and that he knows how to talk to children. Prepare the group for his visit, and introduce him properly, as a person well worth knowing.

3. If there is no available national who you feel could be of assistance (of course Indians vary greatly in their ability to help children, just as Americans do), try to find a missionary or other person who has visited India. Sometimes a sympathetic friend can interpret a person more truly than he can interpret himself, and so it may be with a people. At any rate, your selection of this person will be based upon the contribution he may make to your total objective.

4. Find out from your mission board whether correspondence, or at least one letter and a sample of school and church school work, may be exchanged with a group of Indian boys or girls who are studying English.

5. Find out what your pupils are doing in day school that has any connection with India.

How to Use the Course

The plans for the class sessions contain much more than can be accomplished by any one group, and there is a larger amount of supplementary material than may be needed. The reasons for this fulness of material are two. First: the best approach to the study of India will be found in the direction indicated by the boys and girls themselves. The skilful teacher will so guide her group that they will themselves choose and plan their activities.

In such case the plans outlined may not be used at all. Teachers who are accustomed to guide children's purposing and planning may begin with one of the activities, and use the stories and other material only as they can be made to further the purpose. Whether the suggested plans are followed, or the group and teacher carry through an independent enterprise, ample opportunity must be given for pupil choice and research. Second: Each group will have as a specific interest in India a phase of the work being done by their own church and denomination.

Suggested Activities

Many different activities have been listed which take into account the pupils' varied interests, but with no thought that every pupil will participate in more than one or two of them. If the group is a large one, it may be divided for the entire period into smaller groups, each to work out its own program. In case this is done, all sub-groups should come together on the occasion of the final exhibit and program, in which the work of all the groups is shown and the members tell about their study. A large group may come together for worship and stories and still be divided for discussion, dramatization, or manual activities. The director of a general group should endeavor to have sub-groups undertake different types of activities.

In some churches where there are rooms specially adapted for worship, manual work, and recitation, the group may be divided into grades, following the school grade idea. The time for using the various rooms is allocated by the leader. Thus one group studying India would be having the story and discussion while another would be doing manual work and a third having their worship service. Sometimes different leaders are in charge of the

same activity as carried on by each sub-group, sometimes one leader guides all the activities of the same grade. In any case there should be one person who will see that the proper relation in point of time and emphasis is maintained between the different types of study.

When the original group is small the best plan usually is to keep it together, the leader taking the different pupils' interests into account, but making no attempt to have them do all of the things suggested for each session.

At least one activity is fully described in each session, and others are suggested. For further descriptions see pages 131-140, in the section under the heading, Things To Do. In most groups there are one or two pupils with more background or more imagination than the others, who could, by looking at pictures and reading descriptions, work out for themselves a village, a North India house, or some other activity.

The Pre-session Period

There really is no pre-session period. This term has been used simply for convenience, to distinguish the activities that precede the opening of the session from the more formal work which is carried on after it has begun and the entire group is present. The pre-session period thus understood begins with the arrival of the first pupil, and this is true whether the teacher is herself present at that time or not. It therefore behooves the leader to be present early, prepared to use constructively, as a means of furthering the objectives of the course, the time of each pupil from the moment he arrives.

This part of the work must be carefully planned. The activities provided will have to be of such a nature that individuals may either work alone or find a place with a group which is at work already. This will mean devising

several different forms of work, consistently related, however, to the main course. There might be tasks directed to completing an undertaking already begun, or to preparing for some activity to be taken up in the session later. In the outlines as given, pre-session tasks are not usually described, but in each session appears a reminder, in the form of a reference heading, of the point here made.

Materials Needed

Boys and girls are interested in the concrete information gained through examining articles which people living in far-away countries use or make. There is sufficient mixture of the familiar and unfamiliar about such articles to make them interesting. For instance, the manner of cooking and the kind of cooking utensils that are used in India; the houses and furniture; the clothes ordinarily worn by Indian boys and girls; their playthings; the occupations of the people, their crafts and arts. All of these arouse the desire to know more. Day school teachers realize the importance of such objects as part of the teaching procedure, and constantly draw upon libraries and museums to supply this aid. Surely the leaders of such a course as this will also wish to have on hand objective material, in order to enlist the children's interest from the first, and to insure to their own endeavors the greatest value.

The amount and variety of objective material will depend upon the resources the leader has to draw upon. Naturally some communities will be richer in this respect than others. Most of the mission boards have some curios available. Application for these should be made well in advance; many other groups will be studying India and there will be unusual demands. Some objects are easily procured. Indian block prints are available in every

community. Maps, pictures, articles the pupils themselves can make, all of these will help to enrich the study.

Materials of special aid in a given session have been noted in that session under the heading, Materials That Will Help. Here is an inclusive list that names the materials which are considered the necessary minimum for the course—naturally this list will be supplemented where possible:

Pictures. Of Indian scenes, people and costumes, and of North India in particular; of wheat fields in the Punjab, of harvesting, threshing, plowing and other agricultural methods used in India, and of modern agricultural methods used in the United States; of the Vale of Kashmir and of glaciers and peaks in the Himalayas; of the Taj Mahal, Delhi and Benares; of animals; of rajahs, soldiers, elephants; of railways and people traveling; of Hindu devotees (those showing *sadhus* undergoing torture, on a bed of spikes, for instance, should be avoided, as the children's curiosity about the form of torture will detract from the desired aim of the lesson); of mission schools and colleges in all parts of India, and of the particular denominational work in which the juniors might be interested; of the parable of the Good Samaritan; of camels and the three wise men; of reproductions of these paintings of Jesus: "Holy Night," by Correggio; "Ecce Homo," by Guido Reni; the "Boy Christ," by Hoffman; the Sistine Madonna; "Christ in Gethsemane," by Hoffman; the "Boy Christ," by William Hole; the "Adoration of the Magi," by William Hole; "Light of the World," by Hunt. The two India picture sheets listed in the bibliography will be particularly useful for human interest and missionary pictures of India.

Books and magazines. Story and travel books on India containing colored illustrations (see bibliography); copies

of the Gospels in Indian languages; children's encyclopedias and geographies giving material on Indian government, native states, etc.; an illustrated *Life of Christ*.

Objects and curios. Prints or embroideries; brass bowl or tray; models of camels, elephants, peacocks, made from brass, carved wood or ivory; images of Hindu gods and goddesses; postage stamps, of denominations of half an anna, one anna, three annas, one rupee, including an air mail stamp; coins.

Handwork materials. Pencils, paper, paste, scissors, crayons, water colors, and other materials for making notebooks; colored construction and tissue paper (gray, red, silver, gold) for cutting out elephants (with *howdah* and *mahout*), soldiers, rajahs (with gold decorations), and for Christmas decorations; material for making a sand-table or paper cutout village (see pages 101 and 136), including modeling clay for making mud huts, and wood for the roof beams and doors of the paper cutout houses; needles, thread and cloth for costumes.

Typewritten pages of items in Source Material for home reading (in case additional copies of this textbook are not available for the children); of the true-false test; of any worship service, or part of such; of Indian songs to be learned.

Maps and globes. India Picture Map; outline maps of India; a globe of the world.

Games. Parchesi (see page 59); Ups and Downs in India (see bibliography).

SESSION I

Materials that will help. Pictures and curios relating to life in India. See page 74. Be sure that the names of characters in the story are plainly written on blackboard or large cardboard, together with simple aids to their pronunciation (see pages 145 and 147).

Story used. "Making Friends in a New School." (Page 3.)

An experience common to children everywhere. The difficulty of making friends in a strange place, and with strange boys and girls.

Aim. To discover interests of the group which will contribute to a desire to know more about the people of India; to arouse enthusiasm for the idea of studying about them; to begin to build sympathetic understanding of the life of Indian boys and girls.

Problems for the group. How can we make friends with the people of India? How shall we plan our class work so that we shall know them better, especially the boys and girls?

Pre-session period. See page 73. Make use of the pictures, curios, and the bulletin of names with pronunciation, in such a way as will start discussion and stimulate an interest in the study proposed.

As you begin. At the appointed time call the group together. Talk with them about the pictures and objects they have been looking at. Find out something of the in-

formation and ideas they have about India. What you discover in informal conversation will help to determine your selection of materials and of emphasis during the course.

Worship.

THEME. Learning to be friends.

During the next few weeks we are going to pretend we are in India. We shall be watching the adventures of a group of Indian boys who had different ideas about many things, and their efforts to become friends.

SCRIPTURE. Let us read a few sentences that will tell us how we may be true friends [*Romans* 12:10; 15:1-3a; *James* 2:8].

HYMN. Not Alone But Bound Together.

PRAYER. The Lord's Prayer.

HYMN. Savior, Teach Me Day by Day.

Introducing the story. Have you ever been in a strange place where you did not know anyone, and had no one to play with? Was it hard to make friends? The boys in our story had such an experience.

Telling the story.

After the story. The last part of this story lends itself to informal dramatization. In planning for it let the discussion be free. Suggest that the boys and girls take the parts of Dr. Ved Parkash, of Prem's father, of Gulam Mohammed's father, of Piyare Lal and Man Mohan, and that they act out the conversation in the drawing room. Encourage the class to work out their own ideas. When they have tried to do one scene, the scene may be discussed, and the main issues brought out by such questions as the following:

Why were the boys afraid their father would not allow them to join a club with boys of other castes? Would their grandparents approve, do you think? Why would their mother also be opposed to it?

This part of the discussion needs to be handled carefully. The subject of caste will come up again and again during the course. The main point now is to show that the feeling of exclusiveness, of snobbishness, is common with us too. But we are more to blame, for the followers of Hinduism are acting in this matter according to the teachings of their religion, while the followers of Christ are acting contrary to the teachings of theirs.

What did the boys see and hear in the reception room which made them think that perhaps their father would not be as strict about this matter as their grandfather was? Why do you think Dr. Ved Parkash wanted to overcome the caste spirit in his country?

Planning ahead. We are interested now in finding out how the different Indian boys of our story became friends. Do we also want to make friends with them? Is it harder to get acquainted with people we can't see? How shall we do it? Besides our story, what other ways can we suggest?

A pupil should list on the blackboard possible methods mentioned by pupils or teacher: asking some person who has been in India to visit the group; looking up India in the school library; watching newspapers and magazines for current events in India; doing things that Indian boys and girls do, such as playing Indian games, doing the same kind of handwork, singing Indian songs. The teacher may suggest that one of the best ways to get acquainted is by doing something helpful, and that a committee be appointed, to be called the Committee on the Friendly Project, that shall bring in suggestions on possible ways to help.

Which of the plans that we have listed shall we choose this week? How shall we carry them out?

As we are thinking about getting acquainted with Indian boys and girls, we might be interested to know what an American boy ten years old who has lived most of his life in India said when he was asked to name the ways in which Indian boys were like himself. This is what he wrote. [Read "How My Indian Friends Are Like Me," page 120.]

Other activities. The leader will choose from the activities listed on pages 131-140 those which appeal to the group, so far as time will permit. Probably the first session will be taken up with a general discussion of the new theme. However, it may be that there will be time for a very simple activity, such as winding *pugris* or playing an Indian game.

SESSION II

Materials that will help. (See page 74.) Books and pictures showing the costumes of North India, and showing people (rajahs, soldiers, etc.) and elephants.—Colored paper.—Models of animals.—Facts about the Indian government, native states, etc.

Story used. "A Visit to a Rajah's Palace." (Page 13.)

A common experience. The fun of going on a visit.

Aim. To help the group to understand something of the home and school life of Hindu boys; to discover and correct previous misconceptions about India.

Problems for the group. What have Man Mohan and Piyare Lal in common with the young rajah which will help them to get acquainted? What have we in common with Indians which will help us to get acquainted?

Pre-session period. Let those who come early know that the story will be about a rajah and his magnificent elephants. Suggest that this second story will be more interesting if they are able to recall what happened in the first.

Worship.

THEME. Appreciation of home, and of parents, brothers and sisters.

QUIET MUSIC.

CALL TO WORSHIP. Psalm 103:1-2.

STATEMENT ABOUT INDIAN HOMES. Last week we learned a little about homes in India. Now —— and —— will tell some of the things about Man Mohan and Piyare Lal and their home life that they found interesting.

HYMN. For the Beauty of the Earth.

SCRIPTURE. [A pupil speaking] We have found in our Bible study that the Hebrew religion teaches us to honor our parents. We shall read some passages from the Old Testament and then one from the Gospel of Luke to show what example Jesus set for us. [Different pupils will read: *Exodus* 20:12; *Proverbs* 4:1-4; 10:1; and 13:1a; *Luke* 2:51.]

[The teacher speaking] Would you like to hear what one of the religious books of the Hindus says about a mother's love?

> What thing in all the world weigheth more than
> all the world?
> A mother's heart outweighs the whole world.

HYMN. My God, I Thank Thee Who Hast Made.

STORY. "A Story Every Indian Boy and Girl Knows," page 124.

PRAYER. Our Father, we thank thee for our homes, and for homes all over the world. We are glad that there are happy homes in India, where fathers and mothers and children love each other. We ask thee to help us as we try to follow the example of Jesus in our own home life. We want all the boys and girls and fathers and mothers in other lands to know Jesus too. Amen.

Planning ahead.

A friendly project. Let the children plan to carry on any activity begun or suggested in the last session. Ask for a report of the Committee on the Friendly Project. The committee may present several alternative plans to be decided on at the next meeting.

Conversation. We heard in last week's story that Man Mohan and Piyare Lal were allowed to join the Six of the Cubs of which Prem was the leader. Our story today tells how their father felt about it. Have you some questions about these boys or their families, or about the place where they live?

Try to clear up misconceptions here. If questions are asked about the appearance of the boys, show pictures of the people of North India.

Introducing the story. Today I shall tell you how the boys and their father made a visit to the palace of a rajah, the ruling prince of one of the native states.

Telling the story.

After the story. Let the group discuss the story freely. If the group is interested in the government of India, information may be given at this time, and current events discussed.

Other activities. See pages 72-73.

Making a group notebook. If the group desires to keep some record of what they learn, a group notebook may be planned at this time. It might be started with a picture or plan of a Hindu home; a sketch of the mother telling a story to children; pictures, cut out of colored paper, of a rajah and of an elephant with *howdah* and *mahout.*

Making a model of a Hindu home, with paper dolls or other dolls for people (see page 135).

Practising salutations. Fold hands, palms together, touch the forehead with the tips of the fingers, at the same time bowing the head slightly. Say to the teacher, *"Miss-sahib-ji, namaste."*

Or use the greeting commonly used by Mohammedans and frequently by Christians. Bend the body at the waist and touch the forehead with the right hand. Say to the teacher, *"Salaam, sahib-ji."*

SESSION III

Materials that will help. (See page 74.) Outline map of India.—Pictures of wheat fields in the Punjab, of harvesting and threshing, of the plowing and agricultural methods used in India, and of agricultural methods in the United States.—A large picture of the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Story used. "Who Is My Neighbor?" (Page 21.)

A common experience. Finding it hard to be kind to someone we don't understand or who is "different" from ourselves.

Aim. To convey an idea of the effect on human lives of the caste system; to arouse a desire to help the Christian church in India in its work with and for outcastes; to point out that in our country also there are class and race discriminations and economic injustices which must be overcome if our country is to be truly Christian.

Problems for the group. Why were Man Mohan and Piyare Lal so prejudiced against the outcaste man? Do we have prejudices against certain classes of people? How can such prejudices be overcome?

Pre-session period. See page 73.

Worship.

THEME. Love for all people of whatever class, nation or race.

QUIET MUSIC.

CALL TO WORSHIP. Psalm 9:1-2.

It seems to me that we have learned some very interesting facts about the people of India. What have you found that you like or admire about them? Shall we ask God to help India and America to be friends?

PRAYER. Our Father, we are glad to know more about the people of India. We have enjoyed hearing something of the life there, and listening to the stories that are told to Indian boys and girls. Help us to be friendly with the people of India, and may they want to be friends with us. Amen.

HYMN. This Is My Father's World.

STORY. The Good Samaritan: *Luke* 10:25-37.

SCRIPTURE. Jesus' law of love: *Matthew* 22:36-39.

PRAYER.

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On thee we call.
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family.
God save us all.
Amen.

Planning ahead. Discuss plans proposed by the Committee on the Friendly Project, and secure a thoughtful choice on the part of the group. The teacher who is concerned for the spiritual growth of the children will try to guide them to choose a project which will involve both hard work and sacrifice. If a project of financial aid is chosen, it will be well if some plan of friendly exchange is also undertaken. One such activity is a friendship book into which is put material—pictures, drawings, memoranda—about America which would be of interest in India. In discussing mission work to be helped, the outline map of India should be used and the special mission station located

on it. The Punjab, Land of the Five Rivers, should also be located as the scene of the story for the day.

Telling the story. The story may end with the conclusion as given, or it may be brought to an end with the sentence, "Will you boys help me to get him in?" leaving the outcome to be discussed by the class.

After the story. If the story has been left unfinished, the class should discuss what the ending might be. After this each one may be asked to write an ending, or the story may be dramatized. The dramatization should include the action of washing and bandaging the wounds of the injured man and lifting him into the car. The boys might unwind their turbans from their heads and tear bandages from the cloth. The doctor may be represented as quick and efficient, Man Mohan as a willing helper, Piyare Lal as doing a hard thing with some hesitation, and the others as standing around showing disgust and horror, some running away afraid. After the group has tried out the dramatization, they should discuss it. As they gain new ideas they may wish to play the story over again.

Explain a little about religious ceremonial purification.

This seems very strange to us, but it is a part of the religious custom of millions of people. Why had Dr. Ved Parkash a different attitude toward the outcaste? [Bring out the main facts about the attitude of progressive leaders in India, Mahatma Gandhi's attitude, the strong influence of mission schools and colleges, and the work of the Christian church for the depressed classes.]

How would you like to tell the story of the Good Samaritan to Piyare Lal? Do you think he is likely to learn things in the mission school which will help him to answer the question that Jesus answered, "Who is my neighbor?"

Other activities.

The group notebook. Include pictures of agricultural methods in India, farm implements, the well, etc. Begin a list of Bible stories which the group would choose to tell to the Indian boys, with reasons for the choice.

Make a farm scene on the sand-table. Be sure to show the land divided into very small fields, with a different crop and owner for each.

Make a farm scene in poster form by cutting out figures, background, etc., and pasting on to a large sheet.

Closing prayer. Our Father, we want to help the Christian church in India to tell all the people there the good news of Jesus. Bless the plans we have made to do it. Help us, as well as our friends in India, to give love and service to our neighbors, as Jesus did and as he taught. Amen.

SESSION IV

Materials that will help. (See page 74; also Materials, Session III.) An image or picture of a Hindu god or goddess, if available.

Story used. "Comrades Divided." (Page 26.)

A common experience. It is so easy to quarrel.

Aim. To give some understanding of the needs of India which only Christ can meet; to strengthen the understanding of Indian boys and girls through knowledge of their home and school life; to show how the Bible can help Indian boys and girls.

Problems for the group. What were the causes of the quarrel and the fight in the story? What was the mission school doing to keep peace and build up friendship? Did Jesus say anything about peace or being friendly? Would you like to have Indian boys and girls know of this teaching?

Pre-session period. See page 73.

Worship.

THEME. Appreciation of the beauty of India.

QUIET MUSIC.

CALL TO WORSHIP. Psalm 19:1.

HYMN. This Is My Father's World.

SCRIPTURE. Jesus must have loved the flowers and the birds that he saw about him. One day he said to the people: [Read *Luke* 12:24, 27.]

POEMS. There is an American woman living in India who has written verses which give those who hear them the feeling of coming closer to that country. John and Alice will read some of these verses for us. ["In the Bazaar," and "Camels," pages 123-124, read by two pupils.]

PRAYER. Our Father, we thank thee for the beauty of the earth and of the sky. We thank thee for the beauty of color, as we saw it in the poem about the rainbow *saris* in the bazaar. We are glad for the beauty of India, this country so different from our own. Help us to appreciate and care about all the Indian people.

PICTURES. If possible, show two or three stereopticon pictures of beautiful places in India.

HYMN. For the Beauty of the Earth.

Planning ahead. Discuss the object for friendly help chosen last week. Locate the mission station on the map, and mark it in some special way, by a star or a small picture.

What kind of people are there in this group we are planning to help? [Boys and girls in a boarding school or a city school, village people, patients in a hospital?] What do we want to know about these new friends?

Have the questions listed and kept for use throughout the course. Suggest that the stories will help to answer some of the questions.

Telling the story.

After the story. The following points should be brought out:

1. Causes of enmity.

Why did the boys in the Six quarrel? Why do you boys and girls quarrel in your groups and clubs? Did the Hindus

and Mohammedans in Prem's Six have more excuse than you have?

2. The forces in the lives of the people of this story which make for peace, justice and friendship.

How was the mission school trying to teach the principles of learning to get along together? Why did the school principal insist upon having pupils of all communities in the Sixes? Why did the Six object to cleaning the streets? Do you think mission schools should teach sanitation? What have the missions done to give girls and women a square deal? What is our own mission doing for girls in India?

3. How Christ helps us to have peace and friendship.

What helped Prem's father to come bravely into the midst of that fight? What helps us at any time to take a brave stand? Do you know a Bible story or passage which helps us as we strive for peace? If you were the principal of the Nur Mahal school, what would you have read at school prayers the morning after the riot? [*Luke* 6:27-28; *Matthew* 5:43; 7:12.]

The passages selected should be discussed, and the discussion closed by the leader with prayer.

Our Father, help us to love one another. Help all men everywhere to live in peace. May Jesus rule in our hearts here in America, and in the hearts of the people of India. Amen.

Other activities.

The group notebook. Make designs for borders or cover, using the swastika and cone patterns. Continue the list of Bible stories begun last week.

The friendship book. Write down, using colored initial and border, a story of Jesus, or a teaching of Jesus.

Play an Indian game. See Source Material, pages 131-133.

SESSION V

Materials that will help. (See page 74; also Materials, Session IV.) Pictures of Kashmir and the Himalaya glaciers and peaks, and of one or two Hindu devotees.

Story used. "A Pilgrimage." (Page 33.)

A common experience. We wonder about God, and how to do right.

Aim. To arouse respect for the age-long search for God by the people of India; so to present the teachings of Jesus in comparison with even the best teachings of other religious leaders as to stimulate the desire to share Christ with the Indian people.

Problems for the group. Do the people of India try to please God and do right? What did Jesus teach about how to please God? How will Jesus help us and our Indian friends to do right?

Pre-session period. Let the early comers locate Kashmir on the map, look up in the geography the heights of Himalayan peaks, and enjoy the pictures.

Worship.

THEME. Our thankfulness for Jesus and for his teachings about God.

CALL TO WORSHIP. Psalm 95:1-2.

HYMN. We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

SCRIPTURE. We want to tell of our thankfulness for what Christ has brought to us and to India. Wherever the prin-

ciples of Jesus are obeyed, the sick are healed, those who are downtrodden are given a chance for a happier life, girls and women are given fuller opportunity, injustice and fighting cease, and love rules. [A pupil reads *Luke* 4:18, preceded by "Jesus said."]

HYMN. Let the Song Go Round the Earth.

SCRIPTURE. A long time ago, before Jesus was born, the people of Israel thought, as some of the people of India think today, that God was pleased if they brought offerings to the temple, even though they themselves were unjust and unkind to their neighbors. The prophet Micah told those people how really to please God. Notice, as I read, the questions the people asked, and the answers the prophet gave. Jesus when he was a boy used to hear stories of the prophets. I think he must have loved the teaching of the prophet Micah. [Read *Micah* 6:6-8.]

Telling the story.

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee for the Christian people in India. We are glad that so many have learned that God does not wish people to torture themselves in order to please him. We are sorry that there are still so many who do not know that God cares for all of us as a loving father cares for his children. Help us to do our part to follow the example of Jesus and spread his teachings about God. May we here, and our friends in India, learn that we can best please God by being just and loving to other boys and girls and men and women, and so may we obey Jesus' law of love. Amen.

Discussion. The story just told, or, if the group has read them, stories of Pandita Ramabai (see *The Wonderland of India,* pages 81-83) and "The Miracle of Puran Bhagat" in Kipling's *Second Jungle Book,* should be briefly discussed. With some groups this may not be practicable. The important thing is that the boys and girls shall sense "the cry to the distant God to draw near and

make himself known," which is so important a factor in Hindu religious life.

Do you think Piyare Lal wanted to please God? What do you think Jesus himself would answer to Piyare Lal's question, "How can we know God?"

If the group are not familiar enough with Jesus' teaching about seeking and finding God, they may be given the following references to look up and discuss: what to seek for, *Luke* 12:31; Jesus tells about the true God, *John* 4:24; about God's love for the world, *John* 3:16; how to pray, *Matthew* 6:7-9; the only way, *John* 14:5-7; peace for the troubled seeker, *John* 14:27; how to please God, John 14:21.

I suppose we want to please God as much as Piyare Lal and Man Mohan do. How can we do it? Does God want us to try to make our hearts clean by the method of treating our bodies cruelly or carelessly? For what purpose does God want us to keep our bodies strong and well?

Planning ahead. Discuss the enterprise the group has chosen for its friendly project. Show how the thing you plan—whether it be assisting a school or chapel to meet some special need, or giving money to your mission board to help buy a tent, motor car, hospital bed, or other missionary equipment—is a way of telling the good news of Jesus to many people who, like the pilgrims, are trying to find and please God. See how many of the questions asked last session can now be answered by the group. Ask the Committee on the Friendly Project to find answers for the rest.

Other activities.

The friendship book. A story of Jesus, printed or typed, and illustrated.

SESSION VI

Materials that will help. (See page 74.) Typewritten copies of the true-false test (page 96).—Pictures of scenes in the Himalayas and in South India, of railways and people traveling, of mission schools in different sections, of the Taj Mahal, of Delhi, of Benares, of palm trees and of animals.

Story used. "For the Motherland." Part I. (Page 39.)

A common experience. We all like to travel, to make trips, "to go places."

Aim. To give a further idea of the complexity of India, its geographical differences, its varieties of races and religions, its distinctions of caste and class.

Problems for the group. What reasons have we for admiring India? How could Christ help India if the people knew him better? What does it mean to be a Christian in India?

Pre-session period. See page 73.

Worship.

THEME. God our loving friend.

Last week we heard how the people of India are seeking to know and to please God. We are thankful that Jesus has shown us the way to find God. As we worship, let us remember that we are trying to share our knowledge of God with the people of —— [name the school, village, or city work which the group have chosen to help].

CALL TO WORSHIP. Psalm 121:1.

HYMN. How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care.

SCRIPTURE. Psalm 23, in unison.

HYMN. My God, I Thank Thee Who Hast Made.

SCRIPTURE. Jesus knew how hard some people had tried to find God. He often talked with people who, like the pilgrims we heard about last week, felt that God was far off. He said— [Read *Matthew* 11:28-30.]

STORY. At this point the story of Sadhu Sundar Singh, the Christian pilgrim, might be introduced. It may be found in *The Wonderland of India,* page 121.

PRAYER. Our Father, we thank thee for Jesus, who taught us that thou art our loving Father, and near to care for us. Help us to please thee and to do thy will by helping others as Jesus did.

HYMN. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Telling the story.

After the story. Suggest that the group pretend to be the Fifth Class of Nur Mahal school and put on a program called "Our Motherland." They will need to plan Gulam Mohammed's trip, Allah Bakhsh's work at the map, Man Mohan's story about the famous school at Srinagar, Piyare Lal's description of the scenery of Kashmir, Hari Singh's essay on famous Indians, the class teacher's visit to Gandhi, the principal's account of the discoveries of ancient cities (Harappa and Mohenjo-dara). Prem's experiences may be omitted, as Chapter VII will tell of these.

Let us look at the map. Where do we start? We can pretend that Daulatpur is on one of the Five Rivers of the Punjab, perhaps the Sutlej. What can you tell about the railways we travel on? Why do we carry our bedding? What places shall we decide to visit?

Discuss these briefly, choose a small number, locate them, then trace the journey. If the pupils have already

been interested enough to look up details about India in travel books and geographies, the trip can be made very vivid. Do not, however, give too much time to this feature. If pupils have read the material at home, they can present it briefly either from memory or by reading passages from the book in which they found the information.

True-false test. We have been discussing India now for six meetings. I wonder if we know more about that country than we did before? One way to find out would be to take a test. Have you ever taken a true-false test? Let us read the directions over carefully.

True-False Test

Some of the statements given below are true, some are false. Read each statement over carefully. Put a plus sign (+) after it if you think it is true. Put a minus sign (−) if you think it is false. For example: India is a part of Asia. (+)

1. India has as many races of people as the whole of Europe. ( )
2. The people of India have straight hair and features like ours. ( )
3. The people of India are queer and uncivilized. ( )
4. We should not call the people of India Indians, because that name belongs to the red people of America. ( )
5. Automobiles are almost unheard of in India. ( )
6. Mt. Everest is not as high as Pike's Peak. ( )
7. India has an efficient railway system and many excellent highways. ( )
8. No one had ever heard of India when Columbus discovered America. ( )
9. It is dangerous to live in India because of the lions and tigers. ( )
10. Indians have no part in governing their country. ( )

KEY

1. True	6. False
2. True	7. True
3. False	8. False
4. False	9. False
5. False	10. False

Other activities.

Make a picture map for the final exhibit or for the Sunday school museum. Use either a large outline map of India, illustrating it with any pictures or drawings which the group may wish to include, or the picture map listed on page 150, with which are included separate pictures to be colored, cut and pasted.

The group notebook. Draw a map of India and locate interesting places. Illustrate with pictures.

The friendship book. Several pages of pictures of famous places in America.

Closing prayer. Our Father, we know that sometimes we are unfair and unkind to strangers and foreigners and do not try to understand them as we should. Help us as we try to learn about India and the Indian people, and be with us as we try to follow the ways of Jesus. Amen.

SESSION VII

Materials that will help. See page 74. Pictures of mission schools, colleges, and other enterprises, particularly those associated with or recalling the group's friendly project.—Materials for making an Indian village.

Story used. "For the Motherland." Part II. (Page 42.)

A common experience. We are proud of our country.

Aim. To give some conception of the evils of poverty, disease and superstition that afflict India; to show how the Christian people of India are seeking to improve these conditions.

Problems for the group. See Problems, Session VI.

Pre-session period. See page 73.

Worship.

THEME. Love for country, in India and in America.

CALL TO WORSHIP. Psalm 100:1.

HYMN. America the Beautiful, stanzas 1 and 4.

SCRIPTURE. Psalm 33:1-2, read responsively.

HYMN. Have you ever thought that the people of India admire and love their country just as we do ours? Lincoln said, "I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so the place will be proud of him." We know a great many reasons why Indians should be proud of India, and we gladly join with her patriots in praise of her and in a prayer for God to bless her.

The hymn we have just sung was written, as you know, by

Katharine Lee Bates. Miss Bates gave permission to a lady who lived in Madras, India, Mrs. Ferguson, to rewrite the hymn so that it would belong also to India. As we sing it, we shall recall the snow-capped Himalayas and the golden grain that we have heard about in our story. And let us pray God to help the "pilgrim feet" find the Way.

INDIA, OUR INDIA

O beautiful for azure skies
For golden waves of grain,
For snow-capped mountain majesties
Above the palm-strewn plain.
O India, my India,
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Which suffer mortal pain,
Who strive to find the way to God,
That way so clear and plain.
O India, our India,
God mend thine every flaw,
Make strong thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees, beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
O India, our India,
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Introducing the story. Would you like to write out some lists, as the Principal Sahib told the boys to do? We might begin with a list of the reasons why we admire India. Now let us think for a little about patriotism. Is it the best kind of patriotism merely to admire one's country? Or do you think that the best patriots try to face *all* the facts about

their country, and criticize when they think she is wrong? Were our friends in the story trying to do that? What wrongs and evils did they find in their own city? Are these evils common in India?

Give more facts about poverty, ignorance, superstition, and physical suffering of the vast majority of the inhabitants, emphasizing especially the lack of health and sanitation.

What do you think the boys of that class may have written to answer the question, "How can I serve my country?" [Let a member of the group read the essay on *swaraj*, by a schoolboy, page 119.] Do you think Indian Christians are trying to serve their country? What was Shanti doing to serve Christ in India?

I can tell you about one great Indian who, after ten years of wandering and searching for God, heard about Jesus and gave up everything to follow him. His name was Narayan Vaman Tilak, and he was a great poet and patriot. I have here one of his poems that tells his love for his country. The "land of Hind" is India. The "jewels buried in rubbish heaps" and "hidden in earth's dark depths" are the poor and ignorant of India. Those that "adorn Hind's glorious crown" are the brave and noble men and women who have made India great.

MY MOTHERLAND

The land of Hind my mother is,
And all her children my jewels rare.
Some lie buried in rubbish heaps;
Some are hidden in earth's dark depths;
Some adorn Hind's glorious crown.
My heart goes out to all, and all I love,
I, the servant of my motherland.
There is a message that must be told;
Listen, all ye children of Hind!
Without Christ, all, all is vain.
Only if he fill our hearts,
Only so, can we know the purpose of God in our lives.
'Tis Jesus makes me a patriot true,
So I, his slave, am servant to my motherland.

Other activities.

Make a model of an Indian village. If the time to be given to this activity is very limited, parts of the Milton Bradley Hindu village cutout might be used. In that case point out that it is not a Punjab village. Discuss differences and likenesses.

Making Indian costumes or dressing dolls. See page 133.

The group notebook. Make a list of the ways you think the Christian church might serve the model city of Nurpur.

The friendship book. Write a page telling what is being done for health in your own town or city.

SESSION VIII

Materials that will help. (See page 74.) The model village as completed.

Story used. "Village Friends." (Page 47.)

A common experience. We are proud of whatever good work we have done or shared in doing.

Aim. To show the need for education of the village people; to develop the sense of kinship with all Christians; to strengthen the realization of what Jesus may mean to boys and girls in every land.

Problems for the group. Why did the caste people try to drive the Christian teachers out of the village? What had the Christian church done for these village people? How can we help the Indian Christian church to do more for the outcastes?

Pre-session period. Play softly and ask the pupils to hum the tunes of Indian hymns (see pages 139-140).

Worship.

THEME. The church in India aiding the people to have better health.

CALL TO WORSHIP. Te Deum Laudamus.

SCRIPTURE. Jesus said, "I came that they may have life and may have it abundantly." [*John* 10:10.] We are about to hear several stories which tell how Jesus brought abundant life to those who were in need of his help. [*Luke* 8:40-56; *Mark* 9:14-27, *Matthew* 15:21-28, read by several pupils.]

HYMN. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life; or, O Master of the Loving Heart.

PRAYER. O God, our Father, help the Christian church in India to tell about Jesus and to help people as he did. Show us how to do everything we can in the work of helping the people of India to a more abundant life. Amen.

STORY. A story taken from the medical mission work of your denomination, or from *The Wonderland of India,* Chapter VII.

HYMN. How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care.

Introducing the story. We have been talking about the bad sanitation, the disease, the ignorance of what makes for health, that prevail in cities in India. The villages are even more needy than the cities, and we want to aid in teaching the people who live in them to know how to care for themselves physically. Most of all we want them to know how foolish and how destroying some of their fears are. [If the friendly project chosen by the group is related to village work, this should be spoken of here.] There are more than 750,000—three quarters of a million—villages in India, and today's story tells us of one of them. Now that we have finished our village, the story will be more interesting. [Refer to the village set up on the table.]

Telling the story.

After the story. What Bible stories would you choose to teach in a village school? What lessons about health? What could be done for the boys and girls in village schools?

Note that jerseys and mufflers are welcome in North India. Bags containing kindergarten scissors, watercolor paints, crayons, stencil patterns, colored construction paper, picture books, etc., would give joy to most schools.

Other activities. Plan to complete the friendship book. See that the group notebook is up to date. Check up plans on the friendly project.

Plan a worship service for the next session. Ask one group to plan with you a worship service which will be similar to a Christian service in India and will make use of Indian material.

How would it do to use our village as a background, and hold a Christian service of worship? We could plan it now.

It will be best not to have a missionary represented at this service. The village preacher should lead the service. Note that the people would sit on the floor, the men and women on opposite sides of the room.

If you wanted the village people to overcome their fear of gods and demons, what Scripture and hymns would you choose? What story of Jesus would you tell to show that God loves them and understands their fears? Would it help if you had a picture to show them?

The following would be a suitable service:

THEME. Worship in an Indian village Christian church.

INTRODUCTION. (*Leader:*) A very large number of the Christians of India live in villages. Today we are to try to hold a service of worship such as these Indian Christians might take part in. We shall do it reverently, as we are sure they would do.

MUSIC. The tune of Mihrban, as given on page 140.

CALL TO WORSHIP. (*Leader:*) I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.
(*Response,* sung if possible:) The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.

SILENT PRAYER.

HYMN. The Indian hymn given on page 139, sung by the children.

SCRIPTURE. Psalm 91, read and explained by a pupil taking the part of the Indian pastor; also a story of Jesus'

confidence and love in his heavenly Father: *Matthew* 8:23-27.

HYMN. Mihrban.

PRAYER. Dear God, our Father, we thank thee for what Prem and his brother did to help the people of one village in India. We know there are many villages where the outcastes are ignorant and superstitious and afraid of many things. May the time come soon when there will be teachers to help them. We should like these village boys and girls to know that God loves and cares for them. May we also know that thou dost love and care for us. Help us to love thee more. Amen.

SESSION IX

Materials that will help. (See page 74.) A copy of one of the Gospels in an Indian dialect (see bibliography) and of an illustrated life of Christ.—School geographies.—A game of parchesi.—Indian stamps or coins.

Story used. "A Foreign Comrade." (Page 54.)

A common experience. We like to plan what we will do with our money.

Aim. To show the advisability of cooperating with the people of India in their various Christian enterprises.

Problems for the group. Should Prem and the other Indians have a share in deciding how the money sent to them shall be spent? What does "foreign" mean? How do you think eighteen dollars might be used in India to do the most good?

Pre-session period. Look over the collection of Indian stamps, and the coins, if you have any, to show their value, and study the air mail route to India.

Worship. Use the service as planned by the group. See page 104.

Introducing the story. We are beginning now to learn more about the Christians in India. Prem has been a friend from the beginning, and we have seen how he is trying to be a friend to the Hindu, Mohammedan and Sikh boys, as well as to the untaught village Christians. Prem and his father and brother, like Shanti and her family, are working at trying to help the people who need them. Let us think for a minute what work these Christian leaders see around them that

ought to be done for Christ. I wish they had more people to do the work, don't you? And more money for it. Many Christians are giving their lives and all the money they can spare. But the Indian Christians are very poor compared to American Christians. Many of their leaders, like Shanti's father, lost all means of support when they broke away from their families to become Christians. Other Christian leaders hold responsible and reasonably well paid positions, but very few families have as much income as an ordinary American family has. Our story today tells how Prem and his friends found a chance to help other boys and girls.

Telling the story.

After the story. Do you think Jim was right in giving the Indian boys a share in deciding how to use that eighteen dollars? But the money was given by Americans—shouldn't the American it was sent to in India have the right to spend it? Suppose Jim wrote to Sylvia about it, what reasons would he give her for turning the money over to a committee in which most of the members were Indians? The name of our story today was "A Foreign Comrade." If you think of that committee, Man Mohan, Piyare Lal, Gulam Mohammed, Hari Singh, Prem and Jim, which ones seem to you to be foreigners? Do you feel as if you know Prem and his friends well enough to plan *with them* how to spend this money?

Refer to the list of possible gifts on pages 141-142. After discussion, take a vote on the use of the money.

Planning ahead. Begin to discuss what the final session shall be. [See Session XII.] Check up on enterprises in process.

Other activities.

Making Indian costumes to be used in the final session.

Play parchesi, the "royal game of India."

Closing hymn. In Christ There Is No East or West.

SESSION X

Materials that will help. (See page 74.) Pictures of Christ and scenes of the Nativity.

Story used. "The Great Friend." (Page 60.)

A common experience. We admire and love Jesus, and would like to keep in mind, as we study and work and play, the kind of child he must have been.

Aim. To increase our understanding of the people of India, both Christian and non-Christian, and our desire to tell them of Jesus' way of living.

Problems for the group. What reasons would the Hindu family have for attending the Christmas celebration? What reasons for not attending? What does it mean to be a Christian in India? How can we help India to know the Prince of Peace?

Pre-session period. See page 73. Give out statements telling something of the work some of the missionaries of your denomination are doing in India, to be used in the worship service. Help the children in the pronunciation of Indian words so that the statements can be read easily at the proper time.

Worship.

THEME. The work missionaries are doing in India.

CALL TO WORSHIP. The Great Commission: *Matthew* 28:19-20.

Our church has many missionaries in India who have gone in obedience to this last command of Jesus. How glad they must be that there are so many followers of Jesus there who are helping to tell the good news! Shall we remember in our prayer the missionaries and Indian Christians who are sharing Christ's work with us?

PRAYER. Our Father, we thank thee that so many people have heard thy command to take the gospel to all the world. Help us in our church in America to do our share, together with our friends in the Indian church, to tell the good news in India. We pray that many more men and women and boys and girls in India may give their hearts and lives to Jesus. Amen.

HYMN. In Christ There Is No East or West.

OUR WORK IN INDIA. Statements by members of the group.

HYMN. Comrades Known in Marches Many.

This hymn [which may be found in the *Hymnal for American Youth*] seems particularly appropriate as we think of the task our missionaries and the Indian Christians are attempting to do together and the dangers they have faced.

Planning ahead. Check up on all enterprises undertaken. Plan for the final session. If guests are to be invited to an exhibit or program, arrangements must be made for announcements and invitations. Posters and invitations may be decorated with a border of camels, or with some Indian design.

Telling the story.

After the story. Discussion should serve to review many of the main points of the course: the strength of custom and tradition in India, the pride of Indians in their cultural heritage, their earnest devotion to religion, the loyalty of son to father; the influence of Christian educa-

tion, the reverence of India for Christ, the friendly service of missionaries, the influence of respected Indian Christians like Mr. and Mrs. Gulam Masih.

Dramatization. A dramatization may be given of the scene in the *zenana.* The orthodox grandmother may make further objection to the family's attending Christian service. The mother may be represented as shy and hesitant. The girls, of course, will want to go. The preparations for going may be pictured, and the meeting with the Gulam Masih and the Marston families at the door of the church. If Plan I (see page 111) is chosen for the final session, it will form the natural end of this dramatization.

Planning ahead. Decide definitely what is to be included in the final program and begin work on it.

Prayer. We have now finished our story about *The Golden Sparrow.* We have made many new friends in India. We have tried to prove our friendship by learning all we can about the country, and by trying to do something friendly for the people. Mahatma Gandhi, the great Indian leader, recently gave to an American lady a message for the boys and girls of America. He said, "Tell them to love the people of the world as much as they love America." If we do truly love the people of India, shall we not wish to give them the best we have? What would you wish to give them? Let us think for a few minutes about this, and then let us pray for our friends in India.

Our Father, as we think about the people of India we want them to have the joy of loving Jesus and following him. Help us ourselves to be better followers of Jesus. Help us to feel that the people of all the nations of the world are our neighbors. Bless especially the missionaries and the Indian Christians, and give them strength and courage. May we do our part to help them. Amen.

SESSION XI

Usually one session is necessary to finish the work begun and to make final preparations for the closing session. The time of this present session should be used for gathering up loose ends—seeing that all objects and decorations for the exhibit or for gifts are ready, that material for worship and dramatization is well in hand, and that any special committees are appointed and made acquainted with their duties.

SESSION XII

The final session will follow the procedure already determined upon in Session X. One of the following plans, or a combination of them, may be used:

Plan I. A Christmas Celebration in India in a City Church.

Decorations. Stars of cardboard covered with silver paper. Many fancy paper ornaments cut from folded colored tissue paper (by the method you use to cut paper lanterns, but in more elaborate design). Candles to light the platform. A Christmas tree is not usual, but sometimes a bush or just a branch of an ordinary tree is decorated with paper chains.

Costumes. See page 133.

Program. Use such Scripture, prayers, story, drama or tableaus as would be understood by Man Mohan and Piyare Lal. If a tableau of the adoration of the shepherds is given, the Punjabi costumes would be appropriate for the shepherds. The Madonna can be shown in a *sari.*

Use some of the Indian music learned in the course (see page 138). Conclude with "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," sung in Urdu.

"White Gifts." The pupil who takes the part of the pastor will explain that the people are to give gifts from pure hearts, and that these are the best gifts they can bring. Each one has a small white envelope in which has been placed his money gift and the slip of paper on which he has written definite promises of gifts of time and service, in addition to the gift of money. Gifts should be collected in a brass bowl. The pastor will count the money and announce what it is to be used for.

Plan II. An Exhibit.

Show suitable curios or other objects, and all the things made during the course—the notebook, the friendship book, the poster or sand-table scene of harvest time, the village, the picture map. The program may consist of explanations of these, and of hymns chosen from the worship services. Refreshments may be oranges and bananas, or tea and Indian candy.

Plan III. Dramatizations.

Select three or four scenes from the several stories and play them in costume. Some of the following would be good: Man Mohan and Piyare Lal asking their father's permission to join the boys' club (first story); first aid to the outcaste man injured in an accident (second story); Man Mohan and Piyare Lal talking to the pundit (fifth story); Shanti, the young woman doctor, telling the family about her work for women and girls (sixth story); the gift received by air mail: the postman, Mrs. Marston, Jim and the other boys (eighth story).

Plan IV. The Work of Our Church Among the Village People of India.

Stories and pictures may be secured from denominational headquarters, and a program planned something like the following:

Singing. An Indian Hymn, page 139.

Harvest Time. Show a poster or a sand-table scene, and explain how important it is for missionaries to teach better methods of agriculture.

Village School. Children sit on the floor in front of the teacher, who tells them a Bible story.

Singing. Mihrban.

Talk. What Our Church Is Doing for Village Christians.

Singing. Jesus Shall Reign.

Plan V. What Our Group Thinks About India.

There might be several short essays on why the writers admire India, and what India needs. Show pictures of places and people. Entertain the guests with Indian music, and serve Indian tea and sweets.

SOURCE MATERIAL FOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN READING

WRITTEN BY INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

A Letter from a Class of Schoolgirls
(translated from Urdu)

Lahore, Punjab, India

Our Dear Friends:

Greetings. We received postcards from your principals some time ago. We were very glad to hear from you.

Our chief food is wheat. We eat less rice. The reason for this is that there is less rainfall in the Punjab. Rice needs much rain, wheat does not need so much. Wheat needs a climate that is both cold and warm.

The Punjab is noted for many things—earthenware dishes, silk *pugris,* ivory work, wooden and earthenware toys, brass ware, gold embroidered caps to wear with *pugris,* silk embroidery done on homespun, gold embroidered shoes, rugs, homespun cloth of various sorts, and famous buildings of long ago.

In our homes we play with dolls or balls, or the games of hide-and-seek or cat-and-mouse, which we enjoy very much. Some of us live in houses where there is plenty of light and air, but some live in very narrow streets where it is difficult to get light and air. The reason for this is that most of the city houses are several stories high.

At night we use various sorts of lights, for instance, electric lights, kerosene lamps, lanterns, oil dips, candles. Mostly electricity is being used now, however. Those who

are poor use the kerosene lights or even candles and dips.

This is the way water comes to our homes. Sometimes people bring it themselves from wells, sometimes they hire a water man. In these days there is piped water in most of the homes. This is a great advantage.

Within Lahore city there are many flour mills. Nearly everyone uses flour ground on these modern mills. When these were not here, then each woman had to grind her own flour. The rich hired poor women to grind their flour.

Lahore is a city famous since ancient days for its splendor and trade. There are many things worth seeing here, such as famous tombs, mosques, museum and zoo, gardens, and many of the streets and bazaars.

We shall tell you just a little about the zoo and the museum. At the zoo many kinds of animals and birds are found. They are each fed the things they are used to eating. People come from far to see the animals. Their houses are cleaned out every day. There are arrangements for water animals to live in the water. In the museum one can find tapestries and jewelry and money of ancient times, and pictures of kings of other days, clay models of animals and fruits and various village scenes. Almost every sort of thing made in the Punjab is to be found here.

In the Punjab one can get bananas, apples, guavas, oranges, dates, gooseberries, walnuts and sugar-cane. Not all of these products are grown here. Peanuts come from Trichinopoli, cocoanuts from near Bengal, guavas from Allahabad, apples from Kulu and Kashmir, raisins, almonds and walnuts from Peshawar and Simla.

Now we have written you everything about Lahore, and we hope that some day you will come to visit us.

Class V, Forman Middle School for Girls (Hindu, Mohammedan and Sikh)

From a Village Boarding School Girl
(translated from Urdu)

Jagraon, Punjab, India

Dear Friends Across the Water:

May you be happy in the Lord. We are so grateful to you, dear friends in America, who sent money to buy things to make us happy, and for the swing that our principal has had made for us. I want now to tell you something about the new swing, and about how happy it has made the children in this school. I hope that you will be very happy, too, when you hear all these things.

When the Miss Sahiba said to us, "Children, the money has come to make you a swing," there was no limit to the happiness in our hearts. Then one day we saw the carpenter come into the courtyard with the frame, and we knew what it was. All the children ran to watch him put it up and could hardly wait for it to be ready to use. When finally the Miss Sahiba came and said that all was ready and we could use it, everybody wanted to swing at once, and the little ones began to quarrel among themselves as to which should be the first. Finally the Miss Sahiba had to sit down by the swing and tell whose turn it was, and in that way everybody had a turn. The little ones were so impatient that they could not stay far enough away to allow the others to swing, and so the Miss Sahiba had to give the order that all of them should stay at a certain distance. But even so, some of the little ones would gradually creep up till they were right on top of those who were swinging. You know how hard it is for little children to be patient and wait their turn for anything which they want very much, but when there are over one hundred and forty children all wanting to swing at the same time, someone has to wait. The Miss Sahiba tried to give the

little ones the first chance, and we big girls had to wait. but it was not so hard for us, though we, too, wanted very much to try the new swing.

The children like to swing so much that whenever there is a five or ten minute recess they run to see who can reach the swing first. Except for the times when we are in school or asleep, the swing is never empty. When the children are having their meals and cannot swing, the teachers take their turn, and I think they enjoy it as much as we do.

We are praying that our heavenly Father may give you many blessings and be with you in all your work. Now I will bring this letter to a close with many, many thanks from

Your friend,
Bessie Filauri Lal (Christian)

The Festival I Like Best
(translated from Urdu)

I like the festival of Id-ul-Fitur best because it is a festival of my religion. In the season of Ramzan I fast for thirty days. The way we fast is this. Every day we get up very early in the morning, and after washing our hands and faces we eat something. But as soon as the light of dawn begins we stop eating and drinking, for the fast begins at that moment. We control our desires (of hunger) in order to get salvation from sins. We give alms in the name of God, help the poor and give them food. We pray to God according to the way of our religion that we may be saved from sin.

When these days are passed safely, then our beloved feast of Id-ul-Fitur comes. I like it best because it comes after we have had these long days of fasting and hardships. When the feast day comes, all Mohammedans

gather together in the great mosque and worship. After this we come back home. Then we distribute vermicelli to our family and others. For making vermicelli there is a kind of machine in which there are holes. A thick flour paste is pressed through the holes by pushing down a handle, and the long round strings of vermicelli come out. These are cooked dry in a pan, then boiled in water. Then *ghi* and milk are added. We eat some ourselves and give some to the poor.—Mohammed Saif-ud-Din (Mohammedan) ; Class VI, Rang Mahal Mission School, Lahore.

The Juggler
(translated from Urdu)

There are many jugglers or magicians in India. They live mainly on what they earn by doing their tricks. The juggler visits villages and cities. Everywhere he goes he toots his little trumpet. Children gather round him and shout after him. Soon a crowd is attracted. He carries a bag with him.

Then he begins his tricks. He performs tricks with the handkerchief, and sometimes spits large iron balls out of his mouth. Sometimes he makes coins. People are much puzzled by his tricks. The juggler then addresses the crowd and tells them that he does these tricks not by any magic but by practising hard. Then he pretends to the crowd that he will stab himself. But the people get hold of the weapon and beg him not to do so. Then he spreads his sheet on the ground and begs of the people to give him something so that he may fill his stomach. Some of the people give him money, some give him things to eat, and some give him grain. Then he moves to another place.—Samuel (Christian) ; Class V, Training School for Village Teachers, Moga.

How Can We Help to Get Swaraj?
(translated from Urdu)

Before I take part in this political matter, I shall get an education. After that I shall try to give education to my countrymen, because what we get by education we can get in no other way. I shall try to send those children and boys to school who are prevented from going for some reason. I shall help with money those who are too poor to go to school. At the same time I shall tell everyone that there should be no conflict between Mohammedanism and Hinduism. We are Indians and should work together. We ought to be like one family. If anyone starts a disturbance, I shall ask him to help instead of quarreling. Where conditions in India are bad, I shall try to make them right. I shall ask everybody to get educated and keep peace, because that is the key to success, and by these means we shall be a living nation and get *swaraj*.—Mohammed Raiz-ud-Din (Mohammedan); ten years old, Class VI, Rang Mahal High School.

Rules for Railway Travel

At Moga there is a mission boarding school for village boys which the boys especially enjoy. The third class in this school decided last year that they would learn all they could about railways in India. They built a railway station in their classroom, sold tickets, took journeys, and did other interesting things. During the study they made up the following rules:

A tumbler must be carried, so that there will not be any trouble in drinking water.

One must reach the railway station fifteen minutes before the departure of the train. Late comers experience

many difficulties in buying their tickets, and usually have to wait for the next train.

Instead of sitting lazy while traveling, it is better to do something to while away the time: for example, read a book or newspaper or play a musical instrument.

After buying the ticket, look at it carefully to see that it has the right place printed on it.

If there is anyone smoking in your compartment who doesn't stop doing so at your request, you can report to the station master and the smoker will be dealt with according to the law.

Sit in the same class for which you have bought a ticket. If you do not you will be ashamed and a fine also will be charged.

Before the train reaches your destination, get all your luggage together.

Don't throw the skin of a melon, banana or mango on the floor or platform. There is danger of life if a man slips on it.

Don't try to get in or out of the train while it is in motion. You will risk your life.

Don't put on your best clothes while traveling. They may get spoiled.

Don't buy anything to eat which seems to be not perfectly fresh.

You must have extra money with you, but take good care of it. Don't keep all the money in the same pocket.

How My Indian Friends Are Like Me
(by an American boy who lives in India)

My Indian friends are like me because:
They are of the same race, the Aryan race.
They wonder about God.

They love to read and hear fairy tales, myths and legends, and any stories about heroes.

They love to read and hear about other lands and their customs.

They like to play games and play with toys.

They love pets.

They love to play with babies.

They love to look at pictures.

They love home and relatives.

I have not seen anything different between their features and our features except the color of the skin, and I must say that is not very different.

—Arthur Edwin Harper, Jr.

Good Manners

Indian children are required to honor all the gods by bowing their heads slightly, and touching their foreheads with folded hands.

They are taught to take their baths daily and perform their prayers.

They are taught not to enter any holy place with bare heads or with shoes on.

They greet their parents and grandparents also with folded hands and bowed heads. The salutation word is *Namaste.* They often use the respectful suffix *-ji* after the names of their elders; as *pitaji,* father; *mataji,* mother; *dadaji,* grandfather; *masterji,* teacher; *sahibji,* honored sir; etc.

They are taught to love their younger brothers and sisters.

They are taught to honor and obey their elders.

They are taught not to tease or hurt anybody.

They are taught not to touch any food without first washing their hands.

They must not bring their shoes (which are carriers of all kinds of dirt) into the enclosure where food is prepared, or into any place which is considered holy. It is thought quite impolite if a person sits with his shoes on at any party or meeting. There are no chairs, and everybody squats on the floor. The shoes are generally left at the door.

They are taught not to touch any low-caste person. If they happen to do so, they will have to be sprinkled with holy water of the Ganges.—L. Harbans Lal (Hindu).

POEMS AND STORIES

Paper Boats

Day by day I float my paper boats one by one down the running stream.

In big black letters I write my name on them and the name of the village where I live.

I hope that someone in some strange land will find them and know who I am.

I load my little boats with *shiuli* flowers from our garden, and hope that these blooms of the dawn will be carried safely to land in the night.

I launch my paper boats and look up into the sky and see the little clouds setting their white bulging sails.

I know not what playmate of mine in the sky sends them down the air to race with my boats.

When night comes I bury my face in my arms and dream that my paper boats float on and on under the midnight stars.

The fairies of sleep are sailing in them, and the lading is their baskets full of dreams.

—Rabindranath Tagore in *The Crescent Moon*
(by permission of the Macmillan Co.)

In the Bazaar

The dyer and his son are dyeing *saris,*
They do a sort of dance with them, on the street.
First they raise one side and let the wind fill it,
Making a sail out of it. Then they lower that side
And raise the other. Today it was a green *sari,*
Like new leaves. They waved it back and forth
As if spring had come. On the line above the street
Were other *saris* hanging, yellow and rainbow-striped and red,
They waved in the wind and danced for the ladies in the balconies,
While the people who passed by through the bazaar
Looked up at the floating colors and were glad.
It must be nice to make colored things,
To paint whole yards of cloth and scarves
And wonder who will wear them.

—Hladia Porter in *The Treasure Chest*
(by permission)

Camels

The camels step haughtily in the dust on the way from Kabul,
They lift their cushioned feet slowly and with precision,
The great tassels on their long necks swing as they move,
And they hold their heads in the air as if aware of their own importance.
They bring rugs from Kabul, dark red Persian rugs and blue,
Woven hangings and embroideries, old brass and copper from Turkestan.
How proudly they stride, knowing the value of their wares.

The wind howls down the ravines and stirs the dark hair
on their necks.
The tufts of hair on their matted heads stand erect,
The dust swirls and the camel-drivers hide their faces,
But the great two-humped camels stride steadily on
through the Khyber,
Bringing their bales and wares to Peshawar.

—Hladia Porter in *The Treasure Chest*
(by permission)

A Story Every Indian Boy and Girl Knows

The most famous of all the early Hindu Kshatriya rajahs was Rama. His father ruled over the country now called Oudh, in Northern India. Rama was the strongest and bravest man in all the country round.

The fairest maiden of that day was Sita, daughter of another great Kshatriya prince. This prince had a very large, heavy bow, and he said he would marry Sita to anyone who could bend the bow. Sita was so good and so beautiful that every prince in the country wanted to make her his wife. So prince after prince tried to bend the great bow, but failed. Some of them could not even lift it from the ground, it was so heavy. But when Rama came he bent the mighty bow with ease, and kept on bending it till it snapped in two. The people all clapped their hands and shouted for joy, and Rama was married to Sita with great pomp.

The father of Rama loved him best of all his sons, and wished him to be king of Oudh after his death. But he had three wives, and his youngest wife, who was not Rama's mother, wanted her own son, and not Rama, to be the next king. One day the old king told her that he would give her anything she asked him for. She said at once,

"Send Rama away to the forest for fourteen years, and give me your word that you will make my son king when you die."

The old king was filled with grief when he heard his wife say this. He could not bear the thought of sending his dear son away; and the people of Oudh, who all loved their brave, handsome young prince, were very angry. They begged him not to go. But Rama would not listen to them. "A Kshatriya king," he said, "must keep his word. It were better that I should die in the forest than that my father should break his word."

Rama did not want Sita to go with him, for he thought she could not live in the wild forest. He told her she must stay at home. But Sita would not be left behind. "Where you go," she said, "I will go. I am your own true wife and will never leave you. I did not marry you to stay with you only when you lived in a palace, and I know I shall be happy with you wherever you are. The wild woods will be to me a palace if my dear husband Rama be there, and without him the finest palace in the world would be only a lonely forest hut. Do not tell me to stay behind. Where you live I will live, and where you die there I too will die."

So Rama left his father's court, and with Sita and his brother Lakshmana, who said he too would go with him, went far away—first into the hill country in Middle India, and then into the great forests in Southern India. They crossed the rivers in a boat.

Soon after Rama left Oudh, his old father, who could not bear to be without him, died of grief. The young step-mother then thought her own son would reign as king. But he was good and true, and loved Rama. He went after him, and found him, and tried to make him go back and be king of Oudh. But Rama would not return. "My

father gave his word," he said, "that I should live for fourteen years in the forest, and I said I would do so. A Kshatriya prince cannot break his word. Till fourteen years pass I will not go back." So his young brother had to return alone. But he would not take the kingdom. He put Rama's shoes on the throne to show that he was the rightful king, and he ruled over Oudh in his place till he should come back.

In the wild forests Rama stayed for many years. He made friends with the men who lived there. As they were small and black and ugly, and lived among the trees, the Kshatriyas, who were tall and fair and handsome, called them monkeys. A wicked king named Ravana took away poor Sita one day when Rama and Lakshmana were out hunting, and carried her off to his own country, Lanka, now called Ceylon. But Rama went after him, and was helped by his dark-skinned friends who lived in the woods. One of their chiefs was called Hanuman. The Hindus worship him as the great monkey-god. Ravana was killed, and Sita was safely back with Rama.

At last, when fourteen years were over, Rama went back to Oudh and reigned there as king for many years. The story of his life is told in a book called the Ramayana. For ages the Hindus have worshiped him as a god. Every Hindu boy should try to be as brave and true to his word as Rama was, and every Hindu girl should try to be like the beautiful, the good, and the loving Sita.—E. Marsden in *Easy Stories from Indian History.*

A Visit to Gandhi

The first time I saw Gandhi, he was riding on an elephant in the Indian National Congress procession through Cawnpore. Many men and women ran out and touched

their foreheads with the dust over which his elephant had walked. It was a good thing that they couldn't reach him, or they would have smothered him.

The next time I saw him I had a closer view. He looked like the pictures I had seen of him, but because of the cold weather he wore a loose, draped shirt over his loincloth, instead of being bare to the waist. The loincloth did not reach his knees, and his bare legs were just bones with a little skin over them. His nose and ears seemed to be the biggest part of him. His mouth was large, too, and his teeth were very uneven and ugly. But when we saw his kind eyes and his pleasant smile we forgot his homeliness. It isn't because of his looks that people love him, but because of what he has done. During the meetings he sat very quietly; most of the time he was spinning with a spindle that he could roll on his knee. He looked so calm and peaceful that it was hard to believe he had been in several prisons.

Gandhi was the chief person I wanted to see at the Congress, so on Monday I wrote a note. But we learned that Monday is his day of silence. He writes for papers then, but he never sees anyone and never speaks. He spends most of the day thinking and praying. He says that we should all be better if we stopped talking for a day once in a while and spent our time on that day getting our thinking straightened out. This is a Hindu idea; Hindu priests spend a lot of time meditating. But Gandhi says that it isn't just for Hindus. Christ often went away from the crowds to think and pray, and Christians should do the same. Gandhi often talks about Christ and desires to be like him. But he does not want to be called a Christian. He is a Hindu.

I wondered how I could make an appointment with him. One of the reporters told me that Gandhi never likes

to make appointments. At certain hours of the day he sits in his room and talks with those who come to see him. The reporter told me that the best time to go was between seven and eight in the morning. The bungalow where Gandhi stayed was near the Congress grounds. At the gate were three Boy Volunteers. One of them took my note, and I sat on a big stone by the gate and waited. Soon the boy came back to tell me that I might come in.

Down a long winding driveway I went until I came to the big veranda of the bungalow. There in front of the door was the biggest jumble of shoes I had ever seen. There were low English shoes and patent leather slippers, and sandals of every kind—black and brown leather sandals, wooden sandals, grass sandals, some with ankle straps and some with a little strap for the big toe, and some with nothing but a knob to press between the big toe and the rest. Of course I took off my shoes and left them by the door. There were a few men waiting to see Gandhi, and while we waited they told me about him.

They told me that many people call Gandhi a saint and some call him a politician, but he isn't either one. Gandhi says himself that he is just an ordinary human being, searching for the truth. He says that he is looking for salvation. In America very few men talk about salvation, but in India lawyers and shopkeepers and rajahs all talk about such things. One man showed me a letter from Gandhi in which he wrote: "For me the road to salvation lies through incessant toil in the service of my country, and there-through to humanity." Everything that Gandhi does is connected with his religion.

His friends say that from the beginning he has kept to the one idea of helping his people. All the time he has followed his motto, "Be honest." When he thinks a thing is right he does it, no matter how much trouble it brings

to him or anyone else. When he decided that too much money was going out of India for foreign cloth, he told the people that it was a sin against India to use foreign cloth and that they must stop. All over India he started people making bonfires of foreign cloth. Then he said that Indians must spin their own yarn and weave their own cloth. That is why he spins every day. That is why there is a spinning wheel on the national flag, and why every delegate of the Congress must wear homespun cloth. Gandhi told the schoolboys that they must spin. He started that slogan we hear everywhere now, *"Swadeshi."* That means the same as "Made in India," and he got people to pledge themselves to use only cloth that is hand spun and hand woven.

Another thing he did was to set a certain day when all the Indians should show that they did not like the British government. Everyone should stop working on that day, and all shopkeepers should close their shops. The idea would have been all right if all the people had been like Gandhi. But what happened was this: some men closed their own shops, and then tried to force others to close their shops, even when they did not want to do so. This ended in riots in several cities. People were killed, and the police had to be called. And Mr. Gandhi was arrested.

As soon as he was released from prison, he went all over the country making speeches, telling people not to use foreign cloth, not to pay taxes to the government, not to go to government-supported schools, and not to hold any government office. This got people so excited against the government that they started all kinds of strikes and riots. There was trouble everywhere, and no one seemed to remember that Gandhi had said all the time that non-violence must be their creed.

In March, 1922, Gandhi was arrested. When he was led

into the court room for the trial everyone rose to welcome him. He looked around and saw how many of his friends from all parts of India were there, smiled and said, "This is like a family gathering and not a law court." He took on himself all the blame for whatever harm the mobs had done as a result of his speeches, but at the same time told why he thought the British government was unjust in its treatment of the Indian people. He was sentenced to six years' simple imprisonment. The judge said that it was hard for him to sentence such a great man, but that it was his duty. The sentence was shortened and Gandhi is free again.

When I finally stood before Gandhi I found him seated on the floor in a room that had a white floor covering but no furniture except a low table. I wondered what I should do, but he helped me out. He motioned for me to come near him, and smiled such a cheerful smile that he made me happy. Then he said in English, "Can you squat?" I couldn't help laughing when I tried to squat Indian fashion. I forgot all the exciting things I had been hearing about him. He made me feel that he was just an ordinary person, and glad to see me. He didn't act a bit rushed. He asked me where I came from, and wanted to hear about the boys and girls I know. And then I told him that I wanted to send a message from him to the children of America. This is what he said: "Tell them to love the other people of the world as much as they love America." He said that whatever we do should be for the good of others; we can never be happy or useful if we just think about ourselves. He hopes that some day all men will become unselfish enough to love one another. He said that wars are terrible and do no good. He cannot understand how we can call ourselves Christians and still kill each other.

I liked him so much that I would have liked to squat there beside him and just listen to whatever he said, but I couldn't help thinking of all those people waiting outside. So in proper Indian style I asked permission to leave. He smiled and touched his finger to his forehead. I did the same and left him.—Charlotte Viall Wiser (by permission).

THINGS TO DO

Games

INDIAN JACKSTONES

This is a delightful game to play on a sandy beach, but it can be played on a cement sidewalk, or on a floor that will not be injured by chalk marks. Indian children play it in the roadside dust.

Provide each player with a pebble or piece of chalk as marker. Use five small irregular shells, bits of stone, broken brick, or pebbles, as jackstones. With the marker draw two lines on the floor intersecting each other at right angles. Make a mark on each line about a yard from the center and connect these marks with a circle.

Each player places his counter or marker on the circle at the point where it is cut by one of the lines. To decide which shall have the first play, each player should take the five stones and, tossing them in the air, see how many he can catch on the back of his hand. The one catching the most plays first. He takes the five stones and throws them again. If only one stone is caught on the back of the hand he moves the marker the width or thickness of a finger to the right, and throws again. If he catches two, he moves it the width of two fingers; if three, he loses his play; if four, the marker progresses the width of four fingers; if all five are caught, they are tossed from the back of the hand and caught in the palm. If all are caught he moves

the marker a span. After each play he is allowed another toss unless he fails to catch any or catches the unlucky three, when the next player takes the pebbles and plays. The player taking his counter around the circle and up the radius to the center first, wins the game.

GOOLI-DUNDA

This game is the same as the one American boys call kaddie.

The dunda is a straight stick about three-quarters of a yard long; the gooli is a small stick five inches long, thick in the middle and tapering toward each end. A small trench is hollowed out in the earth across which the gooli is placed. Two captains are chosen, and the boys grouped under them.

The first player takes the dunda and tries to tip the gooli by a stroke from beneath it, tossing it as far as possible. If it is caught by a boy from the other side, the first player is out; if not, he has three tries to strike it on the end with his dunda so as to make it flip in the air, when he may strike it with his dunda, sending it still further afield. Succeeding, he lays his dunda its own length from the original trench and a boy from the opposite side tries to tip the gooli from where it has fallen and bat it so as to hit the dunda lying on the ground. If he does so the first player is out; if he fails, the former player returns to the trench, picks up his dunda, and plays again as before.

The methods of scoring are as interesting as the game itself. Sometimes, after batting the gooli afield, its distance from the trench is carefully measured in dunda-lengths, and the side having the greater number of lengths to its credit at the end wins. Sometimes the team just out selects one player who hops from the gooli back to the

trench on one leg without touching the other to the ground. The greatest distance covered by the gooli in its flight and recovered in hopping on one leg, determines the winning side. Sometimes a boy runs from the gooli to the trench with a long-drawn yell without once taking his breath, and so wins the game for his side.

OLD WOMAN

This is a game that boys often play with their turbans. Choose one to be It, or the Old Woman. Make him stoop till his left elbow and left knee can be tied firmly together. Usually Indian boys use their turbans to tie up It. Make a close circle about him. He must count five while the rest scatter. Then they come up and tease him, always trying to keep from letting him touch them. Anyone he touches with his right hand must be the Old Woman.

Indian Costumes

Many different types of costumes are worn in India. You can easily "dress up" by looking carefully at Indian pictures and copying the styles. The following suggestions will help:

For men and boys: For a Punjab costume the pajamas of night clothes may be worn. If you can get a man's size, take in a big seam from the bottom to the knee, so that you can just get the feet in. Let the top be very full. For a South India costume, substitute for the pajamas a piece of cloth three yards long and a yard wide, draped to fall from around the waist and turned up to pass between the legs, with the end tucked in at the waist. The upper garment is the same in both North India and South —an ordinary shirt falling loosely over the pajamas. Col-

lars and neckties are not worn. Wear low shoes or slippers. For headdress North or South wear a close-fitting skull-cap of black, brown or blue, or a turban. For the turban take eight yards of plain-colored thin muslin or cheesecloth, yellow, pink, orange, lavender, or gray. Tie a tight band of tape around the head. (An Indian boy would not need to do this, nor would he use any pins, but you will find both necessary.) Pleat one end of the muslin so that the width is gathered into an inch or two, tuck this under the band at one side and pin securely. Then begin to wind the material, crushed into a width of three or four inches, around the head. Do not go straight around. The first time come down on the forehead and up over the crown; next time, a little higher on the forehead and a little lower on the wide, overlapping each layer. Practice will help you to cover the whole head. The end may be tucked in, or hung down at the back of the neck, or starched and made to stand up at the back. The turban of South India is usually smaller than of North; four yards of material is sufficient.

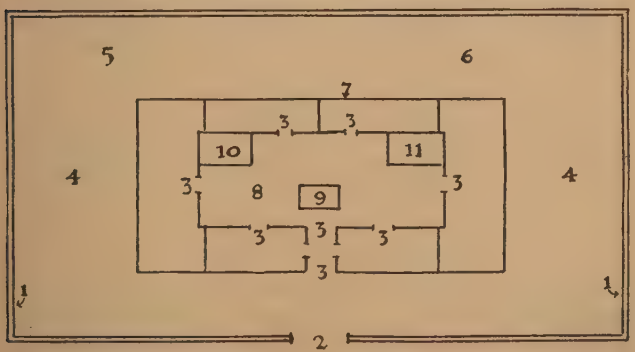
Some Indian men wear exactly the same sort of clothing that your fathers wear. Some of the boys dress in khaki shirts and shorts, with Scout belts. Indian Boy Scouts wear turbans.

For girls and women: Six yards of colored muslin or silk a yard wide (plain color with a gold or bright-colored border is common) is needed for the *sari,* which is worn throughout India. In North India the *sari* is always draped over the head. In South India, for Hindus the head is bare, for Christians it is covered only in church, for Mohammedans it is covered always. Wear a white blouse or jumper and tie a ribbon or tape around your waist. Tuck one end of your cloth under this belt at your left side. Make about five three-inch pleats in the edge

of the material. Tuck these into the belt directly in front, and then wind the material straight around your body to the place where you started. Pull it tight (the only place where it is full is right in front). Bring it across the front, under the right arm, up across the back of your waist, and over the left shoulder. The *sari* should come down to the ankles. You may wear silk stockings and your best slippers (if you are a high-caste Indian lady), or you may go barefoot. For a different style of costume you could wear a long full skirt of some pretty calico, a jumper, and a scarf of white or colored muslin three yards long, draped over head and shoulders.

An Indian Home

The plan of a town or city house in the Punjab would look something like this:



1 Wall
2 Gate
3 Door
4 Yard
5 Bullocks
6 Goats
7 House wall
8 Central courtyard
9 Well
10 Bathing place
11 Cooking place

A model of such a house may be made of cardboard marked off to represent ordinary red bricks. If you make it on a scale of half an inch to a foot, the dimensions given will make a house of average size.

Each house is enclosed by a wall. Make this outside wall three inches high, and about fifteen inches across the front and about ten inches deep. It should be irregular, rather than perfectly rectangular. Cut a gate in the wall. Inside the wall will be a small yard where animals may be kept. The house should be about ten inches high. Part of it may be two stories high, and part only one story. The roofs should be flat, and a staircase should go up from the courtyard, around which the rooms are built. Windows overlook this courtyard, and there may or may not be a well within it.

In the courtyard make a small enclosure with a low wall for the cooking place. In Indian homes this place must be kept absolutely clean. It must be freshly plastered every day, and no one may enter it who has not just bathed and removed his shoes. Make a clay stove, square and low, with three or four holes for the fire, and put some small bowls and pots on it. You may make a clay figure of the mother sitting on the clean floor preparing the meal. A little girl may sit outside, scrubbing and polishing brass pots.

An Indian Village

Make a village wall of clay to represent sun-dried mud bricks. The houses are small square mud huts with flat roofs and rough wooden doors, and sometimes very small windows. Place some of the houses closely side by side, and the others some distance apart. The streets are narrow, about one and a half times the width of a house. The main feature of an Indian village is its irregularity.

Make mangers for cows and buffaloes outside the houses against the house walls. Then model cows, buffaloes, goats, chickens. Women may be squatting inside the doors, preparing the food or grinding the flour. The "stores" will be small bazaars, the same size as the houses, but with open fronts. In one, grain may be displayed; in another wheat and rice; in another vegetables. For cloth and the like, people will go to a larger town.

Within the village build a well of small bricks which you can make from clay. The well should be circular, and the bricks will form a low wall above the ground level. Place two oxen at a distance of a few inches from the well, and use a slender stick to show that they are connected with the well; it will not be necessary to represent the wheel which these oxen pull to draw up the water.

In and around the village put representation of mango, pipal, banana and palm trees. Make figures of men entering and leaving, driving oxen, etc. Outside the village make a circular threshing floor by packing down wet sand. Make a pile of wheat or other grain.

Tie-and-dye Work

Silk scarfs of attractive and varied design can be made by the tie-and-dye process. The principle is the same that the Indian craftsmen use for their most beautiful work, even though the amateur will not have their ability to create design and color. Take a piece of white cheesecloth of any size, and pick up the center. About two inches down from the center wrap the cloth with twine tightly many times around. A little lower down wrap again, and repeat a third time. Dip the cloth in cold water and wring it out, then dip into a dye of some bright color. After the cloth is thoroughly dry, remove the strings.

Block Printing

Choose, from pictures and curios, a simple Indian design and copy it on any sort of drawing paper. Then, by the use of carbon paper, transfer the design to a linoleum print block. (Blocks of any size may be secured from the Milton Bradley Company for from twenty cents per dozen up.) With a sharp knife cut out the background from around the design. Using permanent mixture oil paints (Milton Bradley can supply these also), apply the block to coarse cotton cloth, repeating to make a border or all-over pattern. Several colors may be worked into a single design by making a different block for each color, and associating them at will. This craft as practised in India produces silks and cottons of extraordinary beauty.

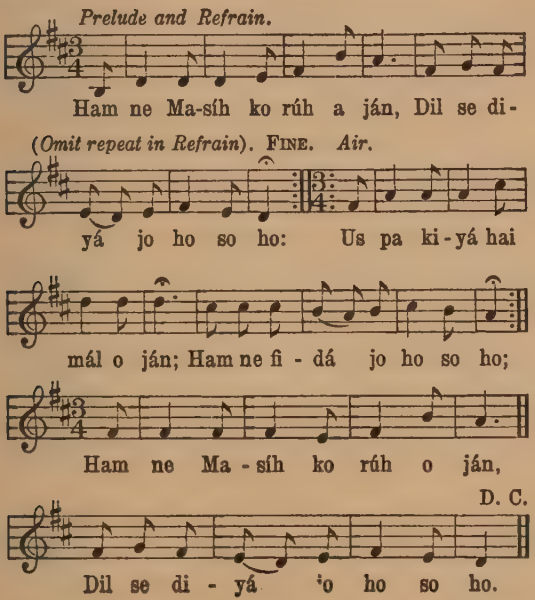
Some Indian Songs

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Suno! Falki fauj sharif,
Gati Yisu ki ta rif.
Ai rahm ki nida,
Mile ab insan Khuda.
Gaumo utho, ho shadman,
Falak se milao gan,
Tum mubarak sab kaho,
Baitlaham ke Bachche ko,
Suno! Falki fauj sharif,
Gati Yisu ki tarif.

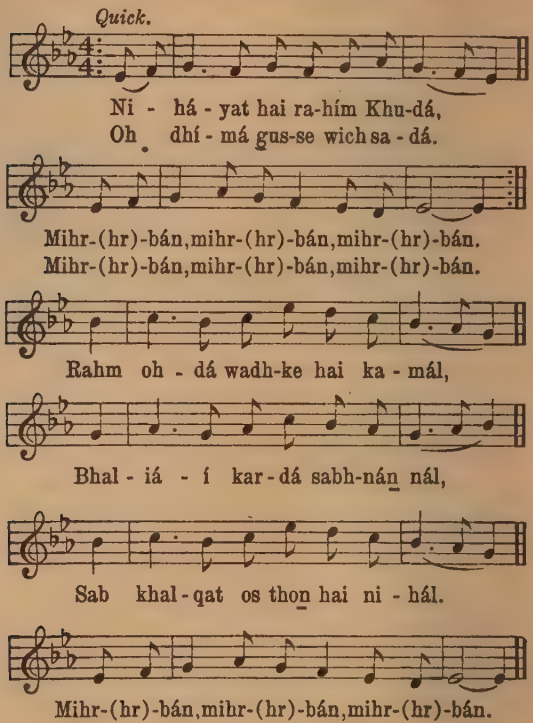
AN INDIAN HYMN

An old Indian melody to which Christian words have been set. The English words are a translation from Hindustani.


Prelude and Refrain.
Ham ne Ma-síh ko rúh a ján, Dil se di-
(Omit repeat in Refrain). FINE. Air.
yá jo ho so ho: Us pa ki-yá hai
mál o ján; Ham ne fi - dá jo ho so ho;
Ham ne Ma - síh ko rúh o ján,
D. C.
Dil se di - yá 'o ho so ho.

We have given heart, mind, and spirit to Christ;
Whatever happens, let it happen.
We have also given to him goods and possessions;
Whatever happens, let it happen.

MIHRBAN (*words based on Psalm 145*)


Quick.
Ni - há - yat hai ra-hím Khu-dá,
Oh dhí - má gus-se wich sa - dá.
Mihr-(hr)-bán,mihr-(hr)-bán,mihr-(hr)-bán.
Mihr-(hr)-bán,mihr-(hr)-bán,mihr-(hr)-bán.
Rahm oh - dá wadh-ke hai ka - mál,
Bhal - iá - í kar - dá sabh-nán nál,
Sab khal - qat os thon hai ni - hál.
Mihr-(hr)-bán,mihr-(hr)-bán,mihr-(hr)-bán.

Exceeding merciful is God,
Very kind, very kind, very kind.
Always to anger slow is he,
Very kind, very kind, very kind.
Great is his mercy and complete;
He showeth kindness unto all.
From him the whole world draws its good,
Very kind, very kind, very kind.

PROJECTS OF FRIENDLY HELP

Remember that there are things you can make and things you can buy—either or both—to send to Indian boys and girls if you wish to please and help them.

Among things to make will be scrapbooks (choose subjects such as Farm Life in America, Children of Other Lands, Our Country, Heroes I Admire); also school bags for the village children to carry their school things in. It would be pleasant to choose stories from the Bible—using actual text or retelling the stories—which you think would interest Indian boys and girls of your age, and to make an illustrated book to contain them.

One plan may be to spend in the most helpful way possible a fund of money which your class has collected. Suppose you have fifty rupees; that would be about eighteen dollars. Look now at the following list. Before deciding on any plan, you and your teacher will want to write to the headquarters of your denomination for advice on what is needed. You should also inquire about transportation cost and customs duties, and include money to cover both.

Fifty Rupees Will Pay For:

IN VILLAGE DAY SCHOOLS

The rent of a school building and of a teacher's residence for one year.

A dispensary case stocked with medicines for first aid and simple relief, as carried on by a teacher.

A carpenter's outfit.

A teacher's table and chair, a blackboard, and floor mats for twenty-five pupils in two schools.

IN BOARDING SCHOOLS

Food expenses for a boy or girl for one year.

A year's clothing, shoes and bedding for two boys or girls.

Cooking utensils for fifty pupils.

IN THE CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

The salary for six weeks of summer vacation work of a college student for adult education in a village.

The salary for six weeks of summer vacation work of a teacher in a daily vacation school.

Sixty vernacular books for a rural library, including fiction and works on health, hygiene, and improved agriculture.

Rent of fifteen stereopticon lantern slide lectures for school or rural communities on the Bible, life of Christ, nature study, health and hygiene.

Upkeep and repairs on two bicycles for village preachers for visiting and for itinerant evangelistic work.

REPORTS OF QUESTIONNAIRES

A list of things which American boys and girls might (A) want to know and (B) want to do, in order to find out more about India, was sent to several groups of junior age in America. On A they were to mark twenty items; on B, ten items. To A three hundred and fifty-seven boys and girls responded; to B, three hundred and seventy-four responded. The result registered as follows:

A. *We Want to Know About These Things*

	Votes
How Christmas is celebrated in India	269
The doctor who has restored the sight of one hundred thousand persons	268

	Votes
The recent discovery of the remains of a town nearly five thousand years old	244
Home life in India	232
Some of the wonderful buildings	198
What an Indian family eat	185
The "roof of the world" (the Himalayas)	184
Different ways of traveling	184
How farming is done	179
What is being done to improve health	149

Other interests voted were: boys and girls in school; things we should learn from the people; some famous schools; Boy Scouts; rajahs and maharajahs; the movement for independence and self-government. Some of these points are covered in the Stories and Background Notes, and some in the Source Material.

B. *We Want To Do These Things*

	Votes
Learn to play some of the musical instruments of India	285
Learn to say something in a language of India	266
Play the games of Indian boys and girls	262
Learn some of the Indian magician's tricks	258
Help give the Bible to India	256
Make a model of a village in India	187
Dress up in Indian costumes	186
Exchange gifts and information (letters, etc.) with Indian boys and girls	185
Do something for those Indian boys and girls who don't have a fair chance	177
Make clay dishes like those used in India	169

Other activities voted were: make Indian designs for rugs, etc.; learn a poem written by an Indian poet; make a

picture map of India; spin thread; do tie-and-dye work; do block printing. Suggestions are given in this course for most of these activities.

WORD LIST

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION.—As a general rule it may be said that in the Indian languages the vowels are pronounced in the Italian manner rather than the English: i.e., like the vowels in *do, re, mi, fa* of the musical scale. For example, whenever an *a* appears, the reader will know that it generally carries the sound of *a* in *father*. There is also a short *a* often found at the close of a word, and sometimes elsewhere, which is pronounced like the *a* in *aboard*. Indian languages have no flat *a* as in *at*. The *u* is pronounced like the *ou* in *soup*. As to consonants, *j* is usually soft; *g* hard. Many Indian words have an aspirated letter usually rendered as *bh, dh, th,* etc., and given an explosive pronunciation like the *bh* in *abhor*. Strong accent upon one or more syllables of a word is not so common in the Indian languages as in English. Each syllable is given very nearly the same weight. In this book spellings have been used which give as nearly as possible the equivalent sounds in English. In the case of important exceptions, or when other problems are presented, the list here given supplies a phonetic form. For place names, a pronouncing gazetteer should be consulted.

AI, AI. An exclamation.

ANNA. An Indian coin, one-sixteenth of a rupee, worth a little more than two cents.

AYAH. Nurse.

BASANT (*bus-sunt*). Festival of the springtime; comes in February or March.

BHAKTI (*bhuk-tee*). Devotion.

BHISHTI. A water-carrier. Literally, "A heavenly one."

BRAHMAN. The priestly, or highest, caste of Hinduism. Also a member of that caste.

CARAVANSERAI. An inn.

CHAPATI (*chu-pah-tee*). Unleavened wheat bread baked in large flat cakes.

CHUDDAR. A head drapery.

"DAK HAI." "The mail is here."
DAKWALA. Postman.
DAL. Lentil stew.
DIVA. Oil dip; a small clay lamp.
DIWALI. The festival called The Feast of Lights.
GALI. Insulting language.
GHI. Clarified butter.
ID-UL-FITUR. A Mohammedan festival.
—JI. An honorific suffix, applicable at will.
LAKSHMI (*luck-shmee*). A Hindu goddess. Also a girl's name.
MAHABHARATA. One of the great Hindu epic poems.
MAHOUT. An elephant-driver.
MEMSAHIBA. Corresponds to the English "Madam" or "Mrs.," but follows the surname.
NAMASTE. A form of address used by Hindus in their families.
NIRJALA IKADISHI. One of the Hindu fasts which comes in June, the hottest month in the Punjab.
PADRE SAHIB. A minister.
PUJA. Ceremonial worship.
PUGRI. Turban.
PUNDIT. One who is learned in the Hindu sacred scriptures and Hindu religious law.
PURDAH. Curtain or veil. General term for the custom of secluding women.
RAJAH. A king or prince of a feudatory state, under the protection of the British government.
RAI BAHADUR. A title of honor bestowed by the government of India for special service. The abbreviation R. B. is usually used.
RAM! RAM! The name of one of the Hindu gods, used as a charm to ward off evil influences. Sometimes used as a greeting among Hindus.
RAMAYANA. One of the great Hindu epics, containing the story of Rama.
RAMZAN. A period of fasting among the Mohammedans.
RANI. The wife of a rajah.
RUPEE. An Indian coin worth about thirty-seven cents.
RISHI. A Hindu saint or sage of ancient times.

SADHU. A Hindu holy man.
SAHIB. Corresponds to the English "Sir" or "Mr.," but follows the surname.
SALAAM (*suhl-lahm*). Peace. The most common form of greeting, equivalent to How-do-you-do.
SANNYASI (*sunn-yah-see*). A Hindu ascetic.
SARI. Draped garment worn by women throughout India.
SHABASH! An exclamation of approval.
SHIULI. A kind of flower.
SWARAJ. Self-government.
WAH, WAH! An exclamation.
ZENANA. The women's quarters in a Hindu house.

NAMES OF CHARACTERS IN THE STORIES

Hindus

RAM DAS. Servant-of-Rama.
VED PARKASH (*pur-kahsh*). Illuminator-of-the-Vedas.
MAN MOHAN (*mo-hun*). Conqueror-of-the-Heart.
PIYARE LAL (*pee-yahr-eh*). Beloved.
RAM LAL. Beloved-of-Rama.
DULARI. Darling.
SOSHILA. Gentle.
TARA. Star.
SHANTI. Peace.

Mohammedans

GULAM MOHAMMED. Servant-of-Mohammed.
ALLAH BAKHSH (*bukhsh*). Gift-of-God.
SHEIKH NUR MOHAMMED (*shaykh*).

Sikhs

HARI SINGH (*her-rie*).
BUTA SINGH (*boo-tah*).

Christians

PREM MASIH (*praym muh-see*). Love-of-Christ.
GULAM MASIH. Servant-of-Christ.
SUHBA (*soo-bah*). Praise.
BAHADUR. Hero.

READING LIST

Books of which the publishers' names are given as M.E.M. and Friendship Press are issued by the Missionary Education Movement, New York, and are available through literature headquarters of the several denominations.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN'S OWN READING

Child's Geography of the World, A, and *Child's History of the World, A.* V. M. Hillyer. Century Co., New York. 1929 and 1924. $3.50 each. See chapters on India.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. F. E. Compton Co., Chicago. See in index under "India."

Crescent Moon, The. Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan Co., New York. 1916. $2.00.

Easy Stories from Indian History. E. Marsden. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

Ghond the Hunter. Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1928. $2.50.

Gospels in the languages of India—Urdu, Gujarati, Hindi, Tamil.—Salesroom, American Bible Society. Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. 5 cents each.

Hindu Fables. Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1929. $2.50.

India. Peeps at Many Lands Series. John Finnemore. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.00.

Jungle Book, The, and *Second Jungle Book, The.* Rudyard Kipling. Any edition.

Kim. Rudyard Kipling. Any edition.

School geographies. See chapters on India.

Star of India, The. Isabel Brown Rose. Friendship Press. 1930. Cloth $1.00; paper 75 cents. For intermediates, but older juniors will enjoy reading it.

When I Was a Boy in India. Satyananda-Roy. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 1924. $1.25.

Wonderland of India, The. Helen M. Rockey and Harold B. Hunting. M.E.M. 1922. Cloth 65 cents; paper 40 cents.

LEADERS' BACKGROUND MATERIAL

British Connection with India, The. K. T. Paul. Student Christian Movement, London. 1927. 5/.

Building with India. Daniel Johnson Fleming. M.E.M.. 1922. Cloth 75 cents; paper 50 cents.

Daughters of India. Margaret Wilson. Harper & Bros., New York. 1928. $2.00.

Faith for the World, A. William Paton. Edinburgh House Press, London. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1929. $1.00.

Five Indian Tales. F. F. Shearwood. Student Christian Movement, London. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1925. $1.60.

Freedom. Welthy Honsinger Fisher. Friendship Press. 1930. 85 cents.

India Looks to Her Future. Oscar M. Buck. M.E.M. 1930. Cloth $1.00; paper 60 cents.

India on the March. Alden H. Clark. M.E.M. New and Revised Edition, 1930. Cloth $1.00; paper 60 cents.

Through Teakwood Windows. Ethel Cody Higginbottom. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1926. $1.25.

Trousers of Taffeta. Margaret Wilson. Harper & Bros., New York. 1929. $2.50.

Uphill Road in India, An. M. L. Christlieb. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1928. $2.00.

METHOD BOOKS

Dramatization of Bible Stories, The. Elizabeth Erwin Miller. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1918. $1.25.

Junior Method in the Church School. Marie Cole Powell. Abingdon Press, New York. 1923. $1.25.

Missionary Education of Juniors, The. Jean Gertrude Hutton. M.E.M. 1927. $1.00.

Projects in World Friendship. John Leslie Lobingier. M.E.M. 1925. $1.25.

World Friendship Through the Church School. John Leslie Lobingier. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1923. $1.25.

SONG BOOKS

Hymnal for American Youth. H. Augustine Smith. Century Co., New York. 1919. $1.00.

Junior Church School Hymnal. Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., 156 Fifth Ave., New York. 1927. Teacher's Edition, $1.25.

Services and Songs in the Junior Department. Josephine L. Baldwin. Methodist Book Concern, New York. 85 cents.

PICTURES AND HANDWORK

Boys and Girls of India Picture Sheet. Friendship Press. 25 cents.

Everyday India Picture Sheet. Friendship Press. 25 cents.

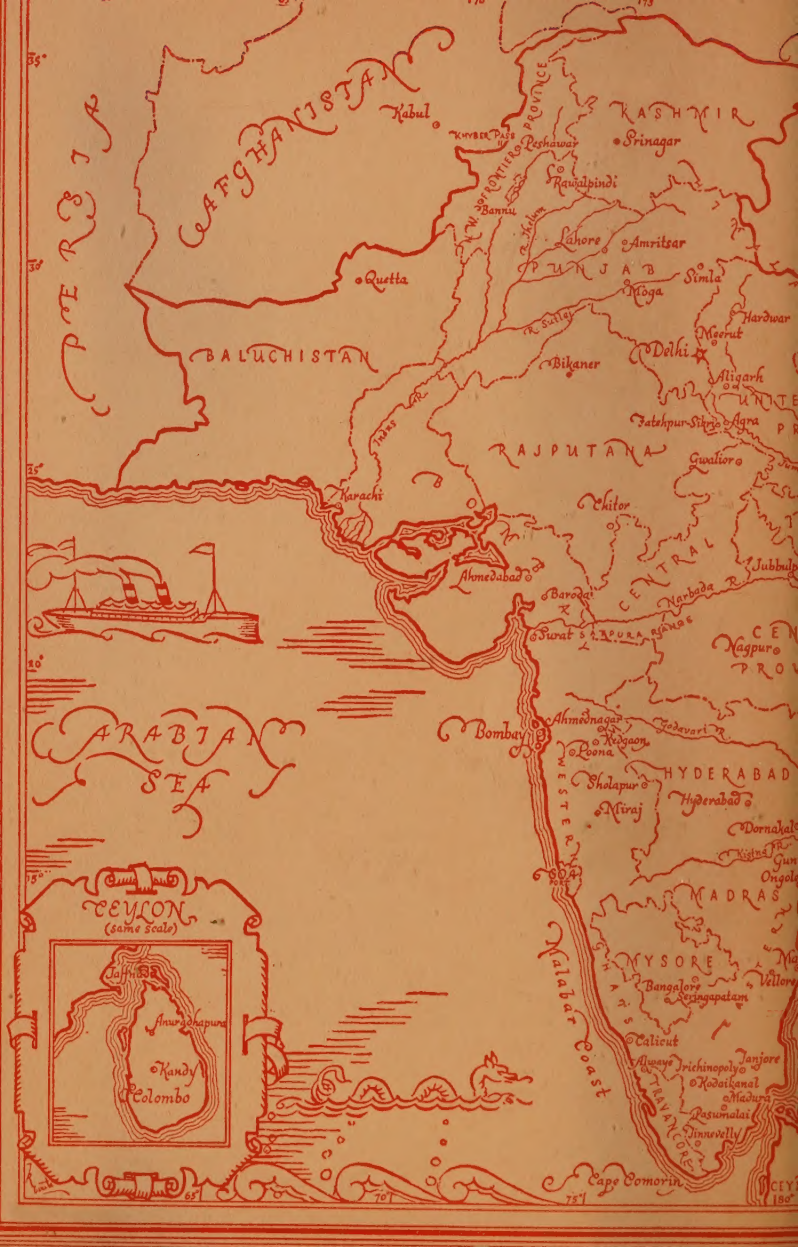
Hindu Village Cutout. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 50 cents.

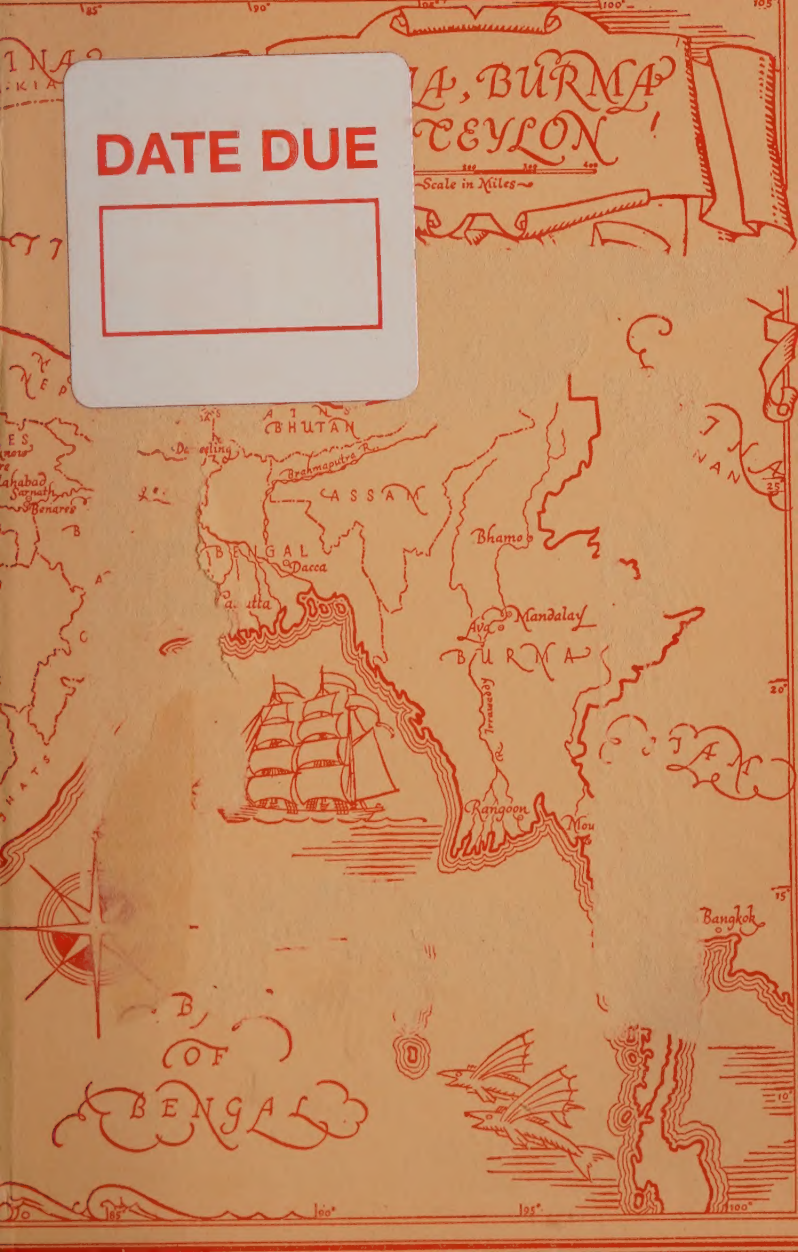
Picture Map of India. Friendship Press. 1930. 50 cents.

Pictures from the *National Geographic Magazine* for November 1924, April 1925, February and July 1926, October 1927, and June 1929.

Pictures of Jesus, George T. Brown, Beverly, Mass., or the Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass., or any similar picture company.

Ups and Downs in India (a game). M.E.M. 60 cents.


PERSIA
AFGHANISTAN
Kabul
KHYBER Pass
N.W. FRONTIER PROVINCE
Peshawar
KASHMIR
Srinagar
Rawalpindi
Bannu
Kohat
Lahore
Amritsar
PUNJAB
Simla
Quetta
Ropa
R. Sutlej
Hardwar
Meerut
Delhi
BALUCHISTAN
Bikaner
Aligarh
Jatehpur Sikri
Agra
Indus
RAJPUTANA
Gwalior
Karachi
Chitor
Ahmedabad
Baroda
CENTRAL
Jubbulp
Narbada R.
Surat
SATPURA RANGE
Nagpur
ARABIAN SEA
Bombay
Ahmednagar
Godavari R.
Poona
Kolgaon
HYDERABAD
Sholapur
Miraj
Hyderabad
Dornakal
Kistna R.
Gun
Ongole
MADRAS
MYSORE
Bangalore
Vellore
Seringapatam
Calicut
Alwaye
Trichinopoly
Janjore
Kodaikanal
Madura
Tinnevelly
TRAVANCORE
Malabar Coast
Cape Comorin
CEYLON
(same scale)
Jaffna
Anuradhapura
Kandy
Colombo
65°
70°
75°
80°
35°
30°
25°
20°
15°


A, BURMA
TEYLON
Scale in Miles
BHUTAN
Brahmaputra
ASSAM
BENGAL
Dacca
Bhamo
Mandalay
Ava
BURMA
Rangoon
Bangkok
OF BENGAL
Benares
Sarnath
85°
90°
100°
105°
25°
20°
15°
10°

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